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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Account of Emanuel Swedenborg, as contained in an Eulogium to his Memory, pronounced in the Great Hall of the House of Nobles, in the name of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, in 1772, by S. Sandel, Counsellor, Knight, &c. Translated from the Swedish; with Introduction, &c. London, 1826. S. Hodson; Simpkin and Marshall; T. Goyder.*

HAVING seen with our own eyes mad followers of the mad prophet Brothers, bearded disciples of Johanna Southcote, and believers in Hohenlohe miracles, we are not unusually astonished by a republication from an admirer of the Visions of Emanuel Swedenborg. Indeed, if we are not misinformed, there exists at this hour a sect called Swedenborgians, who hold communion together, worship according to the Baron's miraculous and miradical instructions, and profess a faith for his doctrines. As Parson Tozer is still adored in the shape of a Chinese Joss, and Young Shiloh, though not yet sent, is expected by the miso-nazaritish shipwrights in our dockyards; as nuns and lay-patients are cured, like red herrings, by the smoke and hogoo of the German Prince's prayers, and as Madame de Krudener settled all the greater destinies of Europe; as William Cobbett hath also prophesied, and swears that some people have credited him; as phrenology is not universally laughed at, and the gallews is continually robbed for proofs of its authenticity,—we see no reason to doubt the efficacy of Swedenborgianism. At any rate, the present translator makes out as good a case as any of the other cases to which we have referred. He calls the crazy Baron “an eminent servant of the Lord,” presuming on the adage, we suppose, that Providence favours fools,—or on the Turkish tenet, that idiots are inspired. He protests that the Baron was neither visionary nor enthusiast, but a man whose oracles were delivered in perfect soberness; a man who deduced his opinion “from the literal sense” of the Scriptures; and, in short, a saint in sanctity, a philosopher in reasoning, and a Christian of the highest pretensions since the days of the Apostles. From this character of the learned Swede he argues that the New Jerusalem is just at hand; for, says he—

“A longer period has already elapsed since the first foundation of the Christian religion, than has intervened between the first communication of any former dispensation of divine things to man, and its modification by succeeding one. Neither the Antediluvian church, nor the Noetic, nor the Israelitic, lasted so many centuries as has the Christian church already. If, then, a new modification of this is ever to appear—if a New Jerusalem is ever to form the tabernacle of God with men,—the present age, as the probable era of its commencement, cannot be objected against on the plea of immaturity.” To prescribe regular periods of human measurement for the dispensations of Him to whom thousands of years are

as one instant, is a precious example of the logic of these mystics. But to argue gravely with such, would be a sad waste of any time: we shall therefore briefly state the Editor's claim, and cap it with a commentary produced by a contemporary witness of great discrimination and acuteness. “Whenever (says the writer) the superior clearness of doctrinal views, introductory to superior purity of practice, which, as all commentators admit, is at some period to constitute the pre-eminent glory of the church, should be communicated to bless her members, it is obviously indispensable that some individual or other of the human race should receive the illumination necessary to introduce it. Some instrument or other, peculiarly enlightened, must be raised up for the purpose. If, then, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the present may be the time in which the church, or state of the church, represented by the New Jerusalem is to commence, there is no absurdity in supposing that such an instrument for communicating her doctrines may already have appeared. The illustrious Swedenborg is believed by many to have stood in this capacity. He most solemnly affirms it in various parts of his writings: is there any improbability in the belief, that he may have been the instrument which some man must be? A man who makes such an assertion, either believes it himself, or he does not.” Any man, certainly, might assert as much as this;—but our author protests, that Swedenborg, holding by one horn of the proposition, really was a believer in himself. “When Dr. Johnson (he continues) was once told of a certain person who published a visionary work, in which he stated, that, like the Apostle Paul, he had been ‘caught up to the third heaven,’ and had had ‘abundance of revelations,’—the witty dogmatist replied, ‘That he would have been more like the Apostle had he kept his revelations to himself.’ And this was a just observation. Had the Divine Wisdom seen that any specific information respecting the nature of heaven and hell, and man's state after death in general, would have been conducive to the welfare of mankind under the Christian dispensation, in that form of it founded by the Apostles, the Apostle Paul would doubtless have been permitted to communicate the knowledge which had been imparted to himself. But this objection does not lie against the knowledge of the subject communicated in the writings of Swedenborg, if to him it was really granted, as we have seen there is so much reason for concluding, to be the organ of imparting the knowledge necessary for the Christian church under the new dispensation of it predicted by the symbol of a New Jerusalem. It would be strange indeed, if, amid the beams of light which are promised under this dispensation, not a ray should be afforded to chase away the dreary gloom which every where prevails, beyond its precincts, in regard to the state of man after death,—if, in the glorious state under which it is generally believed that Christianity should at length appear on earth,

no specific knowledge should even then be afforded respecting the nature of heaven and hell. It is then in strict conformity with the most reasonable expectations, that Swedenborg should have been enabled to clear up this matter also: and to reject the information communicated through him because it was not communicated through the Apostles, would be just as reasonable, as to reject the knowledge imparted through the Apostles because it was not as plainly revealed through Moses and the prophets.”

Upon this subject we shall now submit to our readers the entertaining, if not conclusive, testimony to which we have above alluded—that of the famous Condorcet.

“Fancy me,” says Condorcet, in a letter to a friend, “seated by the side of Swedenborg, requesting him to instruct me in his doctrine, and to inform me of the manner in which it had been revealed to him.

“I was at London,” he replied, “and was dining alone, in order that I might experience less interruption in my spiritual meditations. Suddenly my voice became affected, the chamber was involved in obscurity, and I saw the floor covered with venomous reptiles, which gradually disappeared: a soft light succeeded the obscurity, and I discovered, in the corner of the room, a young man of a celestial figure, clothed in red garments, who distinctly pronounced these words, ‘Abstain from excess.’ I received this lesson of temperance with docility, and was recompensed for my forbearance the following night. The same man appeared to me, and condescended to inform me that he was the Saviour of the world. From that period I have constantly enjoyed the happiness of conversing with him and with the angels; and in the end I was admitted into heaven, the eternal abode of departed spirits.” “But what becomes of the body of Swedenborg during this time?” “It remains upon the earth, and appears to other men, in a state of contemplation and of ecstasy; but it is freed from the ordinary wants of humanity. I once passed eighteen days in heaven, yet my body did not suffer from want of food. During that time, I had the delight of contemplating the Sun of Justice, and to acquire a knowledge of the great mysteries which I have been commanded to reveal to mankind.” “Whom did you find in heaven?” “The spirits of just and virtuous men, raised to the summit of glory and felicity. But Christians alone can gain admittance to share in the plenitude of happiness from the moment of their death. Those who have not known the truth, and those who have opposed it, must have time to comprehend and love it. The latter remain longer than the others in a state of anxiety and doubt, which constitutes their punishment. I recognised Cicero, and judged, by his conversation, that he was fast approaching the period when, absolutely freed from all his ancient errors, he would be worthy to mingle in the society of the beatified spirits. I also beheld some Chinese, who appeared so utterly astonished at all they

saw, that I am of opinion they will yet have a long time to wait for beatification." "But what happens to those who have been guilty of evil actions?" "They are confined in a separate place. As they are so much the more guilty in proportion as their knowledge has been greater, so are they punished in a higher degree; for they possess a violent desire to go and contemplate the Sun of Justice from which they are separated; but no sooner do its first rays shine upon them, than they discover all the enormity of their guilty actions, which inspires a sentiment of terror and disgust so insupportable, that they precipitately rush back to the abode which is assigned to them." "I am informed that you have written a book on the marriage of the dead." "That is one of the greatest mysteries of heaven; each spirit unites itself, by indissoluble bonds, with another spirit, and their felicity is redoubled by an interchange of their sentiments and ideas. As for the rest, these unions are independent of the sex which the bodies of the spirits, who intermarry in the other world, possessed upon earth. Terrestrial marriage is only an image of this union of the spirits. For this reason alone, it is, that adultery is so great a sin; I have struggled hard to disgust my countrymen with it, and you cannot conceive what rallery I have endured owing to my zeal. Amongst others, there was a certain general, whose only business it was to ridicule me: do you know what has happened to him?" "And what is it, pray?" "He is dead, and I found him in the other world still persisting in his sin, and yet laughing at the mischievous tricks which he had played off on the husbands of this world. I answer for it, that it will be a long time before he behold the Sun of Justice." "You have seen it, without doubt?" "I have seen two, one of which resembles the sun, and the other the moon. The first we behold with the right eye, and the latter with the left. But do not suppose that eternity is passed in gazing upon them; other avocations are permitted in heaven. The spirits of the learned wander from planet to planet, and from constellation to constellation; those who have inhabited our earth take flight into Sirius, to know how all is going on there. You are aware how greatly the science of these spirits surpasses that of beings who are scarcely acquainted with the smallest corner of our diminutive globe. All these worlds are peopled; and heaven, which is to contain the principal part of the men of every age, occupies a space infinitely greater than that which is filled by this natural universe." "My dear Swedenborg, has it never occurred to you in your ecstasies, particularly in those you have recently experienced, to rub your eyes with some little force? Do you not recollect having heard it said, while you were only an earthly philosopher, that it is very common to see phantoms, either in the night, or by placing the eyes upon an object which does not keep the gaze fixed, or by closing the eyes when the sight is fatigued, or when some internal cause produces a contraction in the visual organs? Phantoms are sometimes sufficiently well defined to create a real illusion; but if we are disturbed by them, we make them disappear by rubbing the eyes, and a second effort dissipates the illusion." "I perceive," gravely replied Swedenborg, "that you also make a mockery of me. I am sorry for it, on your account: you will probably not enjoy a sight of the Sun of Justice for a thousand years; but you will behold it some day, for you are a good man."

"We took leave of each other, and I clearly

perceived that Swedenborg had become mad, merely from neglecting a trifling physical experiment. He had taken for realities the phantoms produced by the nervous irritations of his eyes, and had succeeded in giving an order to these phantoms, as men learn to communicate regularity to their sensations and their ideas. He had preserved all his reason, and was precisely in the situation of a man who, having no idea of the magic lantern, should take for real objects what it presents to his view, and thus build a system upon these illusions. It may be readily conceived, although the objects might be fantastic and ill-defined, with what facility he would be able to square this system with his opinions and ideas."

After this illumination, infinitely more convincing, we fancy, than any of the worthy dreamer's statements which can be adduced or contended for by rational creatures,—we trust we may be permitted to recant our admissions on setting out. In truth, we do not credit the "particular illumination" which attacked the poor Baron in his 56th year, and enabled him to visit heaven so often during the remaining 29 years of his dotage and absurdity, bringing thence the news exactly as a traveller would do from a tour on the Continent, to be printed and published for the enlightenment of mankind; or as Mr. Southey would publish a like *Vision of Judgment*. We are humbly of opinion that the Abbé Baruel's exposure of this fatuity was not refuted by the Reverend Mr. Clowes, of Manchester,\* whose stuff seemed to be as flimsy as any ever manufactured there; and as for Hindmarsh, S. Noble, and other pamphleteers in the same cause, they are not worth a notice, except to notice, that the latter thinks he has established the "reality of the illustrious Swedenborg's intercourse with the spiritual world." Why did not he rub his eyes, too, as Condorcet so politely and sagaciously suggests! It is an excellent thing when one is looking at any object to have one's eyes open; because if they are shut, one can't see.

*The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets, and Songs.*  
By Robert Millhouse. Printed for the Author. London, 1826, Hunter; Nottingham, Dunn.

THIS humble little volume of eighty pages is the production of a person in a lowly walk of life, yet not entirely unknown to the voice of public fame, nor undeserving of being more known. Millhouse is a common weaver at Nottingham; and as the present unpretending publication is submitted to the world for his benefit, (that is, he has not been able, we dare say, to find a purchaser for his copyright), we trust it will procure for him the general patronage of those who love to reward modest merit and encourage obscure talent. We do not mean to say that the author, whose former poem of *Vicissitude* was noticed with praise in the *Literary Gazette*, is a village Milton, or either mute or inglorious. But he is a man of good feeling, and of that genuine poetical temperament which has taught him to o'erleap his station in society, and present himself before us as a child of song,—not cultivated in the highest manner, it is true, but alive to the beauties of nature, and expressing himself in a style of considerable sweetness and force. There are faults of composition,—but even these flow

\* Letters to a Member of Parliament, defending Swedenborg.

† "The author can safely say that the greatest portion of the whole work has been composed in the loom; and written down at such brief intervals as the close application required at his employment would allow."—*Preface*.

rather from a want of knowledge of the niceties of language than from any other deficiency; and the gentle critic will readily pass over and excuse a few double epithets and a few meanesses of composition in a writer of this class, when he recollects that he is very often called upon to exercise the same forbearance towards bards of more exalted name and more fortunate destinies. In short, we consider Robert Millhouse to be distinctly entitled to a share of that favour which was shewn to the effusions of a Bloomfield and a Clare. At sixteen years of age, under every adverse circumstance, he manifested his devotion to poetry; and now, at the age of thirty-six, no unpropitious state of daily toil and anxious provision diverts him from that grateful task which throws over his life the charms of sympathy and imagination. How he accomplishes this, we shall endeavour to shew; and we trust it may be productive of benefit to so deserving an individual.

The Song of the Patriot is an honest and warm display of sound British sentiment; a love of country, of home, of native scenery, and of worthy and early recollections. Of the distant Briton, while wandering on a foreign shore, he sings—

"Fair to his sight the briary bank appears  
Where grew the sweetest violets of the Spring;  
And the wild thorn its aged head uprears  
Where he was wont to hear the linnet sing;  
And in the pasture he surveys the ring  
Where, as his grandam told, the fairies play'd;  
Beholds the raven from the cliff take wing;  
Marks the green turf rise where his sire was laid:  
Then vents the struggling sighs his aching breast invade."

There is enough of imagery and natural pathos in this single stanza; but it will be doing the author greater justice to quote a more continuous example of his emotions inspired by rural scenery.

"For me, ordain'd to pass my boyhood's prime  
On British ground, methinks there ne'er could be  
Haunts half so fair in Nature's brightest clime.  
As those that struck my sight in infancy:  
For there my sire first told me I was free,  
And bade me love my Country and my God:  
And taught that paths of kind humanity  
Should by the mingling sons of men be trod;  
And early wish'd my soul to hate Oppression's rod."

And oft, as those loved scenes I now explore,  
Fondly reverting unto years pass'd by,  
Where I have paced a thousand times before,  
Beauties till now unknown attract my eye:  
Some stripling tree, aspiring to the sky;  
Some clustering shrub, upstarting in the wild;  
Some new-discover'd flower of rarest dye,  
With plants and herbs, by botanists compiled,  
Enhance the worth of all that pleased me when a child."

Well I remember, in my youthful hours,  
Ere yet in numbers I essay'd to sing,  
At that glad season, when fresh opening flowers  
And hawthorn buds proclaim'd the birth of Spring;  
While light-heel'd Pleasures coursed their mystic ring,  
And my young heart was frolicsome as May,—  
Oft have I watch'd the lark, on anxious wing,  
Ascend his azure steep at early day,  
Piping aloud to heaven in many a carol gay."

Joyous I've found the glossy crocus blowing  
Fair in its bed of green; and onward stray'd  
To sunny dells, where April's hand was throwing  
Violets of virgin sweetness, and survey'd  
The pale-eyed primrose glinting in the glade;  
Daisies, vermilion-tinted, were deem'd a prize,  
And pluck'd in triumph; while the sloe-bloom made  
Garlands for mating birds, and thence would rise  
Vouchings of purest love in anthems to the skies."

And at sweet May-tide, when the crowsing hung  
Its head in pensiveness, and crowslowers bright  
Along the expanse of lengthening meads were flung,  
Mingled with lady-smocks and daisies white,  
Lamb-foot, and speedwell, and the lovely sight  
Of hawthorn blossom, fragrant on the gale  
Of eve; full oft I've wander'd with delight:  
Nor, time regretting, will I e'er bewail  
Those hours I loitering spent in woodland mead and dale."

And oft, in summer hours, I've saunter'd forth  
Along the thorn-hedge, or beside the grove,  
To hail the damask wild-rose at its birth—  
Symbol of innocence and maiden love,  
And of that chastity which reigns above;  
Or sought the woodbine, in its bower overshadowed,  
Where stretching far its wanton arms would rove:  
Till haply by some peasant's hand invaded,  
Torn from out the folds with which its tendrils braided,

Nor will my mind surrender up in haste  
The recollection of autumnal views,  
Save by oblivion not to be effaced;  
The sloping sunbeams, and the varied hues  
Of fading landscapes, and the misty dews  
Hung on the threads of gossamer; the flowers  
Withering in death; till Nature should infuse  
Into their roots her renovating powers,  
And paint afresh the plains, and readorn the bowers.

Dearly I love you, native fields, and groves,  
And hills, and dales, and meads of fairest bloom,  
Where Spring's first flowers enjoy their nuptial loves,  
And June's bright children Summer winds perfume:  
In some still nook of yours, be this my doom,  
When life's frail energies shall make a stand,  
To find a rural, solitary tomb.  
Where waving trees their branching arms expand,  
To screen my sunless house, and deck the matchless land."

There is much simplicity and beauty too in this extract, and we will not pause to remark on the slight blemishes which appear upon the picture. One verse more, in honour of poetry and the writer's attachment to it; and we shall leave his truly patriot song to the kindness of the public.

"The oaks of Sherwood wrestle hard with time,  
And through succeeding centuries look gay;  
And the obdurate yew appears in prime  
While twenty generations waste away:  
But Song can mock the finger of decay,  
And live, a green companion of the hills;  
Or like a river sweeping on its way,  
Which, by continued store, its channel fills,  
Rolling from gushing fountains and ceaseless mountain rills:  
Song can preserve our home for ever dear."

We are tempted to add one of the Sonnets, on account of its bold and rich colouring of the Portrait's tresses—a finer or a warmer auburn was never painted.

"Oh! she was passing fair—the wilding's bloom  
Play'd gambols on her cheek—her downcast eye  
Had stolen its colour from the noon-day sky—  
The fresh-blown cowslip lent her breath perfume—  
Her hair the spacious earth can find no room  
For semblance—'twas the peerless golden dye  
Of evening clouds, when sweetest sunbeams lie  
On their bright fleeces, mingling into gloom.  
Her heart was gentle, yet her soul had fire  
Of that pure essence rarely found below;  
But soon she left this vale of low desire,  
This scene of want, of tyranny, and woe,  
For happier worlds, where heaven-born minds aspire,  
And through eternal mansions wandering go."

Again let us express our hope that this notice may attract some attention and some advantages to the meritorious weaver of Nottingham, ex-corporal too of the Sherwood Foresters; and that some of the struggles of life may be lightened to him, as the meed of his sterling principles and poetical genius.

**More Odd Moments.** By the Author of *Odd Moments*. 12mo. pp. 304. London, 1826. Hessey.

"Not of Fays and Goblins,  
Not of prank and freak,  
Not of tilts and tournaments,  
Do I mean to speak.  
But of men and women,  
Erring, frail, and weak;  
Of plain, simple manners,  
Do I mean to speak."

Says the author, and she speaks very well on the subjects proposed. Her little volume is at once religious, moral, pleasing, and entertaining. The *Adventures of a Locket*, is, perhaps, the best of its stories, (three in number,) and bears a strong family likeness to the *Adventures of a Needle*, which we quoted in a *Literary Gazette* some year or two ago, from a clever series of tales called *Fairy Favourites*, by E. F. D.\*; but there is much of original mind, as well as of grace and beauty, in many of the thoughts and reflections which occur throughout the whole composition. The following remarks on a fashionable London chapel strike us as being extremely characteristic and just:—

"One Sunday had been spent in London;

but, from the bustle which is inseparable from moving into a new house, no one had quitted home. On the succeeding Sunday, Verona, being yet unprovided with seats in the parish church, proposed to Theresa that they should walk to ——— Chapel, to which she gladly assented. The wonder and reverence of Theresa were immediately arrested upon her entrance: the plain, unadorned edifice to which they had been accustomed, formed a striking contrast to the spacious and elegant structure which now met her eye. Words were quite inadequate to convey her ideas; and in silence she followed her mother to a pew, to which a woman conducted them. Why was the pew-opener presented with a shilling? no such thing had she ever seen in their village church. They were early, and she had leisure for observation: by degrees the church filled; groups made their way in, with the same eagerness which is displayed in entering a theatre; and they pushed about, most unceremoniously, those who, from being unable to pay for seats, remained standing in the aisle. Can this be a place of worship? thought Theresa; at least such was the language of her countenance. The body of the church resembled a parterre of flowers; and the constant whispering and bustle conveyed no idea to her mind of the attention and devotion required in those who frequent it for the avowed purpose of communing with God. The organ gallery was filled with healthy-looking, well-clothed children. Theresa was charmed with their appearance. A space was portioned off for two or three persons, who were afterwards described to her as professional singers. But the service commenced, and put an end to observation. Prayers were distinctly and impressively read, and every body seemed to feel and join in them. Nothing could be more simple, more sweet, than the united voices of the charity children; and how far more suitable than the science which was afterwards displayed in the beautiful anthems sung by those who were hired for the purpose!

"Nac unison has they wif our Creator's praise."

"The sermon was delivered by a divine who aimed more at touching the feelings than awakening the consciences of the congregation. He described, with much pathos, the uncertainty of life—the danger of neglecting those many acts of kindness which bind one fellow-creature to another; the anguish of the spouse, the parent, child, and friend, whilst hanging over the death-bed of a beloved relative, was described with enthusiastic eloquence. Their attention was next directed to the mournful procession moving slowly to the consecrated spot, where their lost friend was about to be deposited. He described the harrowing sensations which would take possession of their breasts when the grave closed upon their fondest hopes! This elegant discourse was wound up by exhorting them to perform their respective duties; that, when deprived of relatives and connexions, no self-reproaches, for having injured or provoked them, might add bitterness to the grief occasioned by their death. This affecting harangue had its due effect: handkerchiefs were every where in requisition: sobs were audible: and more than one person was obliged to leave the church. Theresa shared the general feeling; her heart was touched, and she pronounced the sermon an exquisite one! 'And why,' interrupted her mother, 'do you think so?' Theresa paused for a few moments, evidently disconcerted by this question; and then replied, 'Indeed, mamma, I believe I spoke too hastily. I was touched by the descriptions we have heard, and by seeing

so many affected around me, without considering, as I ought to have done, before I made the observation.' She could say no more; for her attention, as they now moved slowly out of church, was entirely absorbed by the scene around her. A few moments before, and many were melted into tears: these very people were now talking of affairs totally foreign to all they had heard. Some few, it is true, were extolling the 'dear sweet man;' but the majority were making engagements for the rest of the day; or quizzing the outré dress or manners of those with whom they were assembled. The singing, too, was criticised by those who probably knew not one note from another. 'What are you thinking about so deeply, Theresa?' said her mother. 'Of the scene, mamma, to which I have just been a witness: it is almost incredible; and had I heard of it, instead of seeing it, I certainly would not have believed it. I have a hundred questions to put to you. In the first place, I thought that professional singers were only to be met with at the theatres, or in private parties; how is it then that we meet with them in so sacred a place?' 'This circumstance may well strike you, Theresa. I am afraid no better reason can be assigned for it, than that it is an inducement for people to frequent the church; but I am happy to say it is not general.' 'And pray, mamma,' continued Theresa, 'how can you account for so sudden a change in the manner of a great part of the congregation? The effect of the sermon wore away instantly; and the most trifling conversation occupied them.' 'What is it, my dear girl, which makes you quickly forget a tale over which you have just been weeping? Our sermon of to-day was only an address to the feelings; there was not a sentence in it which was calculated to humble the pride of a sinner, or to direct him to look up to his God for that help without which his own efforts must be unavailing. To admonish people to perform their duty, is one thing; but to point out the mode of doing it, is the most essential.'"

The coming out of a young lady is painted with equal force and fidelity.

"Pray, mamma," said Theresa, 'what is the meaning of coming out? it is a term I so often hear in company.' 'That is a question which I will solve,' replied a voice, which was immediately recognised as Lady D.—'s: 'come with me, child, if you are not pinned to mamma's gown, and be all attention, for it is not to every one that I would condescend to be thus communicative. You must know, then, that it is the most important epoch in a young lady's life, and is often deferred till a late period, because mammas are unwilling to be eclipsed by the more youthful graces of their offspring. Another reason is this, that the period in which they figure among their rivals (all striving to reach the goal of matrimony) is dated from the time of coming out, or first introduction. But to make amends for this cruel banishment, they are taken as children to balls, theatres, and concerts, and any where else that their fancy and inclination may lead them. It was my fate a few nights since to be present at a children's ball; and more vanity, airs, and graces, were displayed amongst these pigmy performers, than I ever saw in any assemblage of full-grown veterans of fashion. One instance particularly struck me. An interesting little girl, about eight years old, who seemed extremely anxious to join the dancers, was sitting near me: a little fellow about her own age was brought up to her as a partner; she refused dancing with him; the lady of the

\* Published by Cole.



house tried to persuade her, but she continued obstinate, nor would she assign a reason for her refusal: she coloured violently, and the tears stood in her eyes. At last the lady took her by the hand, and led her from the room, determined to ascertain why she had objected to the partner allotted her. And what do you think it was, my dear Theresa? she declared she would not dance with such a baby, who had a frill round his throat; she would have a bigger boy, with a collar! Thus you see that vanity springs from the very cradle; and can it be surprising, that deceit of all sorts is practised, when girls are formally ushered into society with the avowed intention of securing a husband? You are admiring those young women; at one time they bore away the prize for beauty, but their day is gone by, they are *passées*. They came out three long years ago, and after experiencing the fatigue and uncertainty of a long campaign, are obliged to wear a look of good humour, whilst every one knows they are devoured by mortification. Poor things! we must pity them, but we cannot help laughing at the failure of those schemes which their sage mammas took such pains in forming.—But come, we have had enough of this subject."

These extracts will afford a criterion by which to form an opinion of this agreeable book,—to which we cannot wish less success from being informed that, independently of its merits, the cause of its publication is filial piety.

*An Apology for those who object to the Lateral Position of an Organ in Winchester Cathedral.* London, Charles Knight. 1825. 4to. pp. 36.

THE subject of the above pamphlet is both novel and interesting, and although a twelve-month has now elapsed since its publication, and its immediate animadversion was upon a local dispute, yet as the same principles would apply, under similar circumstances, to any of our cathedrals at any period, we are induced by the present literary dearth to offer a brief notice on the question at issue.

In the year 1818, among the extensive repairs and restorations in Winchester Cathedral, it was resolved to remove the organ from its lateral situation to the more usual one over the east end of the choir. Accordingly the lofty Corinthian Screen,\* by Inigo Jones, was taken down, and a more appropriate one, of Gothic character and of lower dimensions, was substituted, for the express purpose of receiving the organ. It was not till this period of the proceedings, that the Dean brought forward a report by Mr. Edward Blore on the inexpediency of the proposed removal. His report, which was now circulated in Winchester at the Dean's expense, contains the architect's objections to the alteration, on the grounds, First, that by placing the organ over the screen, the longitudinal view of the nave and choir will be intercepted; and secondly, that the authority of antiquity discountenances such a position. To which the author of the pamphlet before us replies, that the present situation of the organ excludes a view of still greater importance than that which would thus be sacrificed; that the authority of antiquity is in fact decidedly in favour of the central position; and further,

that both the uniformity of the choir and the equal distribution of the sound demand such a position.

Now there can be no doubt, that the longitudinal view from west to east through the nave and choir is one of the most, perhaps the most important feature in the interior of this magnificent edifice. And it seems most probable that the elaborate workmanship over the altar screen was elevated to its unusual height for the purpose of crowning with suitable splendour this immense vista of successive columns and arches. At the same time, our favourite prospect can by no means be said to combine every beautiful object within the building. The transepts must ever be considered as a most valuable portion of any cathedral; and in the present instance their magnificence is such as to entitle them to more than usual distinction. As, however, their intersection does not here take place at the junction of the nave and choir, they are necessarily excluded from any longitudinal view, except it be taken from the choir almost under the tower itself. And of this circumstance Mr. Blore was evidently aware, as he has represented one of them from that point in his drawing for Britton's *Winchester Cathedral*; and in order so to introduce it, has omitted the boarded partition which at that time excluded them both from the choir, and has thus conveyed the notion that there was no obstruction of either organ or partition on the side which he has not depicted. But to return: we cannot help feeling excessively averse to any interruption in the view from west to east; and an organ, however beautiful in itself, (and that it may be beautiful, we must believe, in spite of Mr. Blore), still, if its size be proportioned to the building, must unquestionably form a most unpleasant object in that view; whilst on the other hand, should the instrument be contracted in size, it will carry with it the double disadvantage of false proportion, and of admitting a peep between the walls on each side of it,—very discomposing to ideas of grandeur and sublimity. Yet, in opposition to this remark, we must consider the indispensable uniformity of the choir; a point which is very apt to be overlooked, from an idea that such regularity was held in defiance by our ancestors. It is true they did not insist upon it like the Greeks and Romans, and would sacrifice it to general effect, if architectural harmony could be still preserved: but look at any Gothic building planned by one person, and executed solely from his plan, nay walk up the entire length of the cathedral in question, which had not that advantage, and with the exception of Wykeham's chantry, which Milner has deservedly reprobated on that score, you will find scarcely a single object to disturb materially the uniformity of the opposite sides. Nor must we overlook the proper seclusion of the choir from the rest of the church, which is promoted much more by effectually shutting out the nave, then by cutting off one or even both of the transepts. But now again we stumble; for if the organ were to occupy a central position, it would be found necessary to bring it forward considerably, thereby curtailing the length of the choir, which there is little doubt has already been curtailed, when the present altar-screen was erected. Moreover, upon such an alteration must ensue a most lamentable destruction of the exquisite oaken stall-work in front of the choir-screen; a destruction for which scarcely any other advantage would compensate. But, in fact, a profanation almost as disgraceful, though not irremediable, has already been committed in

this very quarter, in consequence of the diminutive height of the new screen, above which the dark foliage of the oaken canopies sprouted up, to the utter dismay of the architect, who could invent no better contrivance than to daub over the backs of these unwelcome intruders with putty-coloured paint\* (this is really a fact) to resemble stone!

Respecting the ancient situation of the organ, we agree with Milner, that the organ-loft derived its appellation from the roof-loft, to which it succeeded, and which occupied the place of our choir-screen. In Catholic countries there is generally no screen of this kind, as the services of the church extend to the nave; and although the organ is often concealed for those magical effects of secrecy and surprise so much cultivated in Romish worship, it is never placed across either of the transepts, though it may be kept back in some remote corner of them. This plan would, of course, be utterly irreconcilable with the arrangements of the reformed service.†

On the effect of the sound, as the instrument at present stands, there seems to be a difference of opinion among the singers themselves, which leads us to suspect that the inconvenience is, at all events, not very serious.

As to the comparative expense, so utterly do we discountenance any niggardly balancing of a few pounds in matters of national taste and improvement, that we only mention the subject to remind our author, that Mr. Blore's report was made seven years ago, before the preparations for the removal had taken place, and consequently that his estimate remains unimpeached by the former gentleman's objections.

We have now summed up the evidence of both parties, and shall leave the public to consider their verdict. If, however, we may hint our own private opinion, we shall offer them the option of two plans. One, that upon a low and appropriate choir-screen (we have not much to say against the present one) should be placed an organ of elaborate and uniform exterior, the lower part reaching entirely to the walls on either side, but arching irregularly up to the summit, so as just to shew the upper portion of the altar-screen, when viewed from the west door of the nave; it must likewise be so contrived that the front of the instrument should not intrude upon the stall-work of the choir; a difficulty which we are loath to think insurmountable: the transepts to be thrown entirely open, as low as the ancient stall canopies. The other is, to retain the organ in its present site, with a better case, both fronting the choir and towards the transepts, and with a more appropriate access than the delicate corkscrew staircase, which agrees not with the Norman architecture round it;—the organ to continue its present height, and on the opposite side a gallery to be erected,

\* We must support Mr. Blore in opposition to the writer of this pamphlet, concerning the new roof to the transepts. A good old-fashioned oaken roof, like that in the Refectory of the College, would have harmonised much better with the venerable Saxon pile it covers, than the gaudy oil-cloth pattern just substituted. That a flat ceiling never did exist in this place we are convinced, and though it may have been originally projected, which is not certain, yet the gable ends were evidently carried up at the same time for the purpose of a sloping roof; nor would the very curious and beautiful circular windows have been constructed merely to throw light between an upper roof and a flat ceiling, as is now the case.

† The college organ, like that of the cathedral, is situated on the north side of the chapel. We have heard, that it is in agitation to remove it, after the French fashion, as far as the great blank wall at the western extremity of the anti-chapel; an innovation most earnestly to be deprecated on every principle of architectural taste and ecclesiastical propriety.

\* This celebrated specimen of architecture, the beauty of which was only equalled by the inappropriateness of its situation, is now destitute of a home, having been refused by the architects of several new churches in London, to whom it was offered. We still hope its preservation will be secured.



corresponding as near as possible with the organ; new Gothic screen, equal in height to the old Corinthian. These are our two suggestions. To the reader we should say, "Utrum horum mavis, accipe;" for ourselves, we rather lean to the former of them; but, in either case, the putty-coloured paint to be carefully picked off!

*The Progresses of King James the First, &c.*  
 &c. By John Nichols, F.S.A., &c. 4to.  
 London, 1826.

As this excellent and entertaining work draws towards its conclusion we find more to admire in the industry and research of its venerable editor; and we think it full time to bring his labours again under public notice. It may be recollected, that towards the close of last year (in our Nos. 464, 465, and 467,) we reviewed the seven parts of this compilation which were then published; and dwelt with great satisfaction on the indefatigable assiduity with which rare pamphlets and original documents had been brought forward, so as to present us with a minute and perfect picture of England and English life two centuries ago. Nine more parts have now appeared, and only two remain to be added, to complete this valuable record, as first designed, in three quarto volumes. Besides an immense mass of historical, biographical, typographical, and bibliographical information contained in the notes, we believe we should not set too high a mark upon this book, if we said that the scarce tracts, &c. which it reprints, alone would cost several hundred pounds. Its deserts may, therefore, be very fairly calculated, and can hardly be esteemed too much.

In our preceding Journals we quoted some of the most interesting particulars relating to the accession of King James, the band of gentlemen pensioners, the remarkable poor man's petition presented to the king at Theobalds, his majesty's entertainment at the Tower, the lion-fights and horse-racings which he patronised, the arrangement of his household, and other miscellaneous and also theological matters and poetry; and our further illustrations must be of the same mixed character. To revive the perception of feelings and customs of times so dissimilar to those of our own era, we shall extract other two descriptions of animal combats, equally cruel and barbarous. They are to be found in Part VIII., which is a good deal occupied, however, by Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, A.D. 1606-9.

"The 23d of June, the king, queen, and prince, the lady Elizabeth, and the Duke of York, with divers great lords, and manie others, came to the Tower to see a triall of the lyon's single valour against a great fierce beare, which had kild a child that was negligently left in the beare-house. This fierce beare was brought into the open yard behind the lyon's den, which was the place for fight; then was the great lyon put forth, who gazed awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the beare; then were two mastife dogs put in, who past by the beare, and boldly seized upon the lyon; then was a stone-horse put into the same yard, who suddenly scented and saw both the beare and lyon, and very carelesly grazed in the middle of the yard between them both; and then were sixe dogs put in, the most whereof at the first seized upon the lyon, but they sodainly left him, and seized upon the horse, and would have werryed him to death, but that three stout beare-wards, even as the king wished, came boldly in, and rescued the horse,

by taking off the dogs one by one, whilst the lyon and beare stared upon them, and so went forth with their dogs; then was that lyon suffered to go into his den againe, which he endeavoured to have done long before; and then were divers other lyons put into that place, one after another, but they shewed no more sport nor valour than the first, and every of them so soone as they espied the trap-doores open, ran hastily into their dens; then, lastly, there were put forth together the two young lustie lyons which were bred in that yard, and were now grown great: these at first began to march proudly towards the beare, which the beare perceiving, came hastily out of a corner to meete them, and sodainly offered to fight with the lyon, but both lyon and lyonesse skipt up and downe, and fearefully fled from the beare, and so these, like the former lyons, not willing to endure any fight, sought the next way into their denne. And the fift of July, according to the king's commandement, this beare was bayted to death upon a stage; and unto the mother of the murdered child was given twenty pounds out of part of that money which the people gave to see the beare kild."

"About this time, Frederic Ulric, son of the Duke of Brunswick, arrived in England, and made a tour to various places in this country. When in London, he was lodged and entertained by his cousin Prince Henry; and on the 20th of April, the two princes, accompanied with the Duke of Lenox, the Earle of Arundell, and others, came privately to the Tower, and caused the great lion to be put into the yard, and four dogs at a course to be set upon him; and they all fought with him instantly, saving such as at their first comming into the yard in their fury fell upon one another, because they saw none else with whom to fight, for the lion kept close to the trap-doore at the further end of the yard. These were choise dogs, and flue al at the lion's head, whereat the lion became enraged, and furiously bit divers dogges by the head and throat, holding their heads and necks in his mouth, as a cat doth hold a rat, and with his claws he tore their flesh extremely; al which notwithstanding, many of them would not let go their hold, until they were utterly spoiled. After divers courses and spoyle of divers dogges, and great likelihood of spoile of more, which yet lay tugging with the lyon, for whose rescue there entred in three stout beare-wards, and set a lustie dogge upon the mouth of the lyon; and the last dog got ful hould of the lion's tung, puld it out of his mouth, held it so fast, that the lyon neither bitte him nor any other; whereupon it was generally imagined that these dogges would instantly spoile the lyon, he being now out of breath, and bard from biting; and although there were now but three dogges upon him, yet they vexed him sore; whereupon the above-mentioned young lusty lyon and lyonesse were both put out together, to see if they would rescue the third, but they would not, but fearfully gazed upon the dogges. Then two or three of the worst dogges which had left the first lion, ran upon them, chased them up and down the yard, seeking by all meanes to avoyd the dogges; and so soone as their trap-doore was open, they both ran hastily into their den, and a dog that pursued them ranne in with them, where they all three, like good friends, stood very peaceably without any manner of violence eyther to other; and then the three beare-wards came bouldly in againe, and tooke off all the dogges but one from the lyon, and carried them away. The lyon having fought

long, and his tongue torne, lay staring and panting a pretie while, so as all the behoulders thought hee had benee utterly spoiled and spent; and upon a sodaine gazed upon that dog which remained, and so soone as hee had spoiled him, espying the trap-doore open ranne hastilie into his den, and there never ceast walking up and downe, and to fro, until he had brought himselfe into his former temperature."

To London readers, especially, our next extract cannot fail to be interesting: it is the first notice, we observe, of that great plan, from the execution of which they derive some of the chief comforts of their lives; and it is amusing enough to see how small it looked in the eyes of a contemporary,—who held the establishment of a disputatious conclave at Chelsea to be infinitely more necessary and important than the supply of the metropolis with good water.

"On the 9th of May, Mr. Beaulieu thus writes from London to Mr. Trumbull, respecting two important new projects:—'Much ado there is in the House about the work undertaken and far advanced already by Middleton, of the cutting of a river and bringing it to London, from ten or twelve miles off, through the grounds of many men, who for their particular interests do strongly oppose themselves to it, and are like (as it is said) to overthrow it all. Heretofore I did write unto you of a certain project which was here in hand, for the erecting a collidge at Chelsey, for the studying and handling controversies in religion. Which work doth now begin to go forward, the king having passed his grant of the place and lands about it, which he doth give them for the building and accommodating of the same; specially at the solicitation of the Dean of Exeter, who doth give £1000 out of his purse, and £300 a year towards the building and maintaining of the same. The number of those that are to be entertained there, is (as I hear) twenty doctors, amongst which there will be two for history, besides other students, whereof a good number shall be entertained and instructed there for that function. This work is the more commendable, for that it is most necessary.'"

Thus it often happens that Folly bears away the palm from Utility. James, the pedant, would rather have been at the head of a consistory to decide a point of doctrine, than the greatest improver of his capital. Happily the fire of London began those improvements, and George IV. (who does not resemble James I.) has taste and wisdom to carry them forward in magnificence for the advantage of the inhabitants, as it regards health and enjoyment, and the appropriate adornment of the first city in the world. But while we contemplate, with satisfaction, such changes as these, and trace the progress of amelioration in many points of the utmost consequence, both physical and moral; while we look back with detestation on the degraded state of the subject (politically speaking), the low condition of science, and the general prevalence of ignorance,—we are tempted to ask ourselves, were not the mass, after all, as happy or happier then than they are in our own enlightened days? James's was a reign of revels, shows, pageants, feasting, holidays,—the rich and great were incessantly producing spectacles and sports which delighted the commonalty; and the poorest of the people had always something to entertain and please them. With all our wealth, power, and refinements, what are we in these respects now? From the palace to the workhouse, all is struggle,

struggle. Englishmen seem to have no leisure, no time for enjoyment. It is business in the morning, business at noon, business at night. Fairs, and sports, and shows, and revels, and holidays, are prohibited sins; masques have yielded to political economy; and we are, beyond question, the most melancholy, money-getting, grumbling, gambling, discontented, successful, wretched, arrogant, unhappy, happy people that ever existed on the face of the earth. Every thing about us is real fiction or fictitious reality. We are so wise that we have rules and remedies for all things; and these are generally founded on hypotheses which in truth apply to nothing; and never could we regulate all the varying and fluctuating involutions of society in an extraordinary state of artificial civilisation. Oh! that, instead of the corn question, we had once more the pageant of Ceres performed on Salisbury Plain; that, instead of the eternal prices and fluctuation of stocks, we had a tilt at Greenwich; that, instead of Maculloch's Lectures, we had a masque by another Jonson, or even a Chapman, Campion, or Taylor, the water-poet; that, instead of the currency settling, we had a running at the ring; that, instead of distresses among over-trading manufacturers, we had pastimes for the lower orders; that, instead of Common Councils meeting to adjust the politics of the nation, we had the dignitaries of the city joining together as on the following occasion, when they went to meet Prince Henry on the bosom of father Thames:—

“By this time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, with the several Companies of the citie, honourably furnisht and appointed, and disposed in faire order, were ready attending, with a great traine and a sumptuous shewe, to receive his highnesse at Chelsey; their barges\* deckt with banners, streamers, and ensignes, and sundry sortes of loud-sounding instruments aptly placed amongst them. There were also two artificiall sea-monsters, one in fashion of a whale, the other like a dolphin, with persons richly apparelled sitting upon them, who, at the meeting and parting of the lord mayor and his company with the prince, were to deliver certayne speeches unto him. In this goodly manner, this well-furnisht fleet of the citie received his highnesse somewhat beyond Chelsey, about two of the clocke in the afternoone; and, after the lord-mayor and aldermen's salutation, humbly presented, and graciously accepted by his highnesse, they turned their stemmes, and so proceeded towards London.”

In sober sadness, it admits of grave doubt whether we have improved in the grand art of social and national happiness. Centuries ago we were comparatively a mighty people in the scale of Europe,—had great commerce, and stood high in power, in arms, and in arts. We still maintain a glorious pre-eminence, but we seem to maintain it at the cost of all individual enjoyment. Look around, and how few, even

of the upper ranks, can we see who are not slaves to circumstances, fighting their weary and troubled way through life, without a pleasant pause in a whole existence? Our country is one uninterrupted scene of bustle and effort: we are bees always gathering, and never tasting, the honey; buzzing, flying to and fro, and thinking as much of quietude, repose, and enjoyment, as of living to the end of the world. It is a strange infatuation: the curse of ceaseless activity is upon us all. We resemble the persons in the German tale who could not help dancing after the magic fiddle,—we groan, and push, and sweat, and faint, and pirouette, and reel, and leap, but still dance on, till we fall in the end exhausted and incapable of farther effort. Oh for some of the follies of the elder times, were it only for a change, that we might rest occasionally on a green spot in our course, and not dash forward, without stop, at full speed, like racers to the goal, as if life had nothing to do but to hurry to its ending! Above all, we should like to have the labours of the inferior classes in society more lightened than they are. To work from youth to old age is a sad destiny, and its sameness is its worst feature. This ought to be relieved as much as possible; or it were better to be a savage, starving one day, but enabled to gorge, even on vile food, the next, and sleep it away in measureless content. We cannot forget the cheering effects produced on the population by the exhibitions and rejoicings at his majesty's coronation; and often have we wished since, that occasions were taken to repeat such public entertainments. A few national spectacles, were they only fireworks on the Serpentine, or fairs in the park, or cricketings with royal prizes, would do more towards making us a contented people than all the laws that can be framed to render the price of toil equal to the purchase of provisions, or otherwise prevent the labourer from being hard-wrought, ill-fed, joyless, or famished. But we are transgressing with our moralising, though naturally suggested by the comparison of past and present times; the former set before us in so lively a manner by this work,—and the latter felt so severely by all whom we witness around us.

The history of Car, the favourite of James, has employed many a pen; but the following is, we think, the best account we have met with of that remarkable person:—

“A very curious and valuable letter shall be now introduced, which will form a proper introduction to the article which will immediately follow it, the elevation of Robert Car to the title of a peer of the realm. This epistle is addressed by the Earl of Suffolk to Sir John Harington, of Kelston, his (and the reader's) old friend; and, with the following document from the hand of Camden (now first printed), will on the one hand prove that part of the favourite's early history which is founded on truth; and on the other, confute many falsities, which the hand of calumny or error has heaped upon it:

“My good and trusty knight; If you have good will and good health to perform what I shall commend, you may set forward for court whenever it suiteth your own convenience. The king hath often enquired after you, and would readily see and converse again with the ‘merry blade,’ as he hath oft called you since you was here. I will now premise certain things to be observed by you toward well gaining our prince's good affection:—he doth wondrously covet learned discourse, of which you can furnish out ample means: he doth admire good fashion in cloaths, I pray you give

good heed hereunto. Strange devices oft come into man's conceit; some regardeth the endowments of the inward sort, wit, valour, or virtue; another hath perchance special affection towards outward things, cloaths, deportment, and good countenance. I woud wish you to be well trimmed; get a new jerkin well bordered, and not too short; the king saith, he liketh a flowing garment; be sure it be not all of one sort, but diversely coloured, the collar falling somewhat down, and your ruff well stiffend and bushy. We have lately had many gallants who failed in their suits for want of due observance of these matters. The king is nicely heedfull of such points, and dwelleth on good looks and handsome accoutrements. Eighteen servants were lately discharged, and many more will be discarded, who are not to his liking in these matters. I wish you to follow my directions, as I wish you to gain all you desire. Robert Car is now most likely to win the prince's affection, and dothe it wondrously in a little time. The prince leameth on his arm, pincheth his cheek, smooths his ruffled garment, and, when he looketh at Car, directeth discourse to divers others. This young man dothe much study all art and device, he hath changed his tailors and tiremen many times, and all to please the prince, who laugheth at the long grown fashion of our young courtiers, and wisheth for change every day. You must see Car before you go to the king, as he was with him a boy in Scotland, and knoweth his taste and what pleaseth. In your discourse you must not dwell too long on any one subject, and touch but lightly on religion. Do not of yourself say, ‘This is good or bad,’ but, ‘If it were your majesty's good opinion, I myself should think so and so.’ Ask no more questions than what may serve to know the prince's thought. In private discourse the king seldom speaketh of any man's temper, discretion, or good virtues; so meddle not at all, but find out a clue to guide you to the heart and most delightful subject of his mind. I will advise one thing,—the roan jennet whereon the king rideth every day, must not be forgotten to be praised; and the good furniture above all, which lost a great man much notice the other day. A noble did come in suit of a place, and saw the king mounting the roan; delivered his petition, which was heeded and read, but no answer was given. The noble departed, and came to court the next day, and got no answer again. The Lord Treasurer was then pressed to move the king's pleasure touching the petition. When the king was asked for answer thereto, he said, in some wrath, ‘Shall a king give heed to a dirty paper, when a beggar noteth not his gilt stirrups?’ Now it fell out, that the king had new furniture when the noble saw him in the court-yard, but he was overcharged with confusion, and passed by admiring the dressing of the horse. Thus, good knight, our noble failed in his suit. I could relate and offer some other remarks on these matters, but silence and discretion should be linked together like dog and bitch, for of them is gendred security,—I am certain it proveth so at this place. You have lived to see the trim of old times, and what passed in the queen's days. These things are no more the same. Your queen did talk of her subjects' love and good affections, and in good truth she aimed well; our king talketh of his subjects' fear and subjection, and herein I thinke he dothe well too, as long as it holdeth good. Car hath all favours, as I told you before; the king teacheth him Latin every morning, and I thinke some one

\* Camden says that the prince was accompanied with diverse barges of the nobilitie, one of the bishops, all the barges of the Companies of London with the lord mayor; and Howes says those Companies were in number fifty-four. The Companies' barges have now diminished to seven; those who still retain them are the Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant-Tailors, and Stationers; many have given them up within the memory of man. Mr. Carleton compares the Procession of Prince Henry to the Lord Mayor's Show. In those days that spectacle must have been very splendid; for, besides the civic barges, the magnificent vessels of the nobility, which then adorned the river, crowded with spectators of the higher class, must have greatly heightened the grandeur of the scene. The city state barge and a small barge for the household, with two or three of the Companies' barges above mentioned, are all that appear on a modern Lord Mayor's day.—N.

should teach him English too; for, as he is a Scottish lad, he hath much need of better language! The king doth much covet his presence; the ladies too are not behind-hand in their admiration; for I tell you, good knight, this fellow is straight-limbed, well-favoured, strong-shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of cunning and show of modesty; tho', God wot, he well knoweth when to shew his impudence. You are not young, you are not handsome, you are not finely; and yet will you come to court, and thinke to be well favoured! Why, I say again, good knight, that your learning may somewhat prove worthy hereunto; your Latin and your Greek, your Italian, your Spanish tongues, your wit and discretion, may be well looked unto for a while, as strangers at such a place; but these are not the things men live by now-a-days. Will you say the moon shineth all the summer? That the stars are bright jewels fit for Car's ears? That the roan jennet surpasseth Bucephalus, and is worthy to be bestriden by Alexander? That his eyes are fire, his tail is Berenice's locks; and a few more such fancies worthy your noticing? Your lady is virtuous, and somewhat of a good huswife; has lived in a court in her time, and I believe you may venture her forth again; but I know those would not quietly reste, were Car to leer on their wives, as some do perceive, yea, and like it well too they should be so noticed. If any mischance be to be wished, 'tis breaking a leg in the king's presence, for this fellow owes all his favour to that bout; I think he hath better reason to speak well of his own horse than the king's roan jennet. We are almost worn out in our endeavors to keep pace with this fellow in his duty and labour to gain favour, but all in vain; where it endeth I cannot guess, but honours are talked of speedily for him. I trust this by my own son, that no danger may happen from our freedom. If you come here, God speed your ploughing at the court!—I know you do it rarely at home. So adieu, my good knight, and I will always write me your truly loving old freinde,—T. HOWARD."

Our last extract relates to the first creation of baronets, respecting which we are told,—

"The 22d of this month, is memorable for the first creation of baronets. This title obtained the rank of the ancient Vavasours. It was instituted with the professed purpose of defending and ameliorating the condition of the Province of Ulster; and the stipulations were, that those who accepted the title 'should be aiding towards the building of churches, towns, and castles; should proffer their lives, fortunes, and estates, to hazard in the performance of this duty, and that, when any spark of rebellion or other hostile invasion should attempt to disturb the peace of this kingdom or province, that they themselves should be ready to defend it; and that each of them maintain and keep thirty foot soldiers there.' The patents of the first baronets were exactly similar, excepting in the names of those created; and none were at first admitted except those descended, at least, from a grandfather on the father's side, who had borne arms; and who had a clear income, in land, of £1000 per annum. At the first institution it was designed that the number should not exceed 200, that number to be filled up as the titles became extinct. The founder exceeded this number by four only; and these were to fill vacancies which had happened, though not by death or attainer, by promotion to a higher dignity; so that he did not go beyond his engagement."

We have only gone over Parts VIII. and IX.

in this *Gazette*, and have three others in reserve, to which we shall, in succession, direct the attention of our readers.

#### *Henderson's Researches and Travels in Russia.* [Second Notice.]

We resume, where we left off in our last Number, the notice of native traits observed by the author: among these, the following remarkable superstition is mentioned at a village recently consumed by lightning; or, as the native host said, had been burnt "by the will of God."

"The same superstitious idea relating to the efficacy of milk in quenching fires that have been kindled by lightning, prevails here, as in some parts of Germany; the consequence of which is, that, owing to the smallness of the quantity of that liquid which it is possible to procure, compared with the exigency of the case, it not unfrequently happens that, when it is resorted to (instead of a plentiful supply of water), whole villages are consumed, and the inhabitants reduced to circumstances of great misery."

At Orel, Mr. Henderson relates these characteristic circumstances:—

"On approaching the monastery to deliver our letter to the Bishop (Jonah), we fell in with a number of workmen, constructing an enclosure, under the superintendence of a monk, whom we passed without taking any particular notice of him; but we soon found that this individual was no other than his Eminence, though dressed in the simplest monastic habit, and supporting himself on a stick rudely cut from the tree, instead of the ornate episcopal crozier. He received us in the most affable and cordial manner, and, conducting us into the monastery, entered at once into the subject of the Bible Society, in the prosperity of which we previously knew he took a most lively interest. Having been in Germany, and spent several years as chaplain of the Russian Embassy in Copenhagen, he has had more intercourse with foreigners than any other prelate in the empire, and speaks both the German and Danish languages. We dined with him twice during our stay, and had much interesting conversation relative to the object of our journey. The number of churches in his diocese amounts to nearly nine hundred; but, owing to their extreme poverty, comparatively few of the priests are possessed of the Scriptures. Some of them are so poor that they have never had so much as six rubles (6s. sterling), at one time, in the whole course of their lives. The clergy have, nevertheless, distinguished themselves by their activity in promoting the circulation of the Sacred Volume; and during the three years that have elapsed since an Auxiliary Society was formed in this diocese, it has remitted nearly 16,000 rubles to the Parent Institution. On the evening of the 28th, the bishop convened a meeting of the committee, at which we assisted, and were truly delighted with the spirit and ability with which the members entered into the different topics of discussion. One of the more important of these related to the most eligible mode of gratuitous distribution; a subject always attended with considerable difficulty, but possessing peculiar claims on the attention of the Orel Committee, owing to the great indigence of multitudes included within the sphere of its operations. Among other gentlemen of rank that were present, was the father of the celebrated General Jarmoloff, a veteran of eighty-five, the wisdom of whose hoary head had no small degree of influence on the decisions of the Committee. We were

also, in no ordinary degree, interested by a venerable priest, turned ninety years, who spends his time in prayers and well-doing. At present he has upwards of a hundred poor people living at his house, and entirely dependent on him for their subsistence. Sometimes the number amounts to nearly three hundred. While nourishing them with the perishable food provided by the alms given him for this purpose, he reads and expounds the Bible to them, prays with them, and endeavours, by personal conversation, to direct their attention to the "bread of life," and the infinitely important concerns of eternity. As persons of very different descriptions of character flock to him, it happens not unfrequently that he is reprimanded by the police-officers for harbouring those who are not furnished with passports; but he invariably answers, that it is their business to look after that—which consists in doing good to all within his reach. His prayers are considered to be peculiarly efficacious; and on parting, the bishop repeatedly desired him to remember us, and the object of our journey, at the throne of grace. Every morning, at four o'clock, the good old man is regularly found at his devotions in the church, and not even the rigours of a Russian winter are able to cool his zeal. The town being at the time without a governor, we were greatly disturbed at night by popular noise—a thing very uncommon in Russia. From the commanding officer we obtained leave to visit the prison, which we found in a wretched state, and imperiously demanding inspection and reformation by the Prison Committee, which has recently been formed, and which only waits for his majesty's sanction, in order to commence its exertions. As we passed through one of the streets on our way to the military hospital, we were struck by the appearance of a large house, the windows of which were secured with iron bars, and filled with the heads of females, who conducted themselves, as we passed, in a style which forced upon our minds the conviction, that they were confined for bad conduct in a house of correction. On mentioning the circumstance to the bishop, we learned, to our no small surprise, that they belonged to a theatrical band, supported and superintended by one of the nobility. Our mistake wonderfully pleased his Eminence, as it furnished him with an additional argument on the demoralising tendency of the stage."

At Moudok, too, he adds, "according to the accounts given us by the Pater, the Armenians in these parts are grossly superstitious. At one of their festivals they sacrifice a sheep, which has previously been fattened on purpose. It is killed, with much ceremony, at the church door, and divided among the worshippers. When any person in a family is taken ill, the Bible, and every kind of religious book, is removed out of the house, in order to propitiate the evil spirit; and sometimes they will place flesh, and other articles of food, under the floor, to serve as a peace-offering, and prevent any injury being done to the family. They are described as lazy in the extreme, very litigious, and so little inclined to pity, that, should any person who happens to lodge with them be taken ill, they instantly turn him out of the house, lest some plague should be inflicted upon it for his sake."

There seem to be a great number of Dissenters and Sectarians in Russia, and several of them professing very strange tenets. Of some of these we shall give Mr. Henderson's accounts; at least where he becomes best acquainted with the most peculiar of them.



"About noon," he tells us, while passing from Petersburg to Moscow, "we reached the small district town of Krestzi, and stopping in the suburb, close to the post-house, we were shewn into a good-looking habitation, on the opposite side of the street. The peasant to whom it belonged was absent, but the reception we met with from his wife convinced us that we should not have been made more welcome had he been at home. With the whole population of the suburb, amounting to upwards of 1,000 souls, the family consisted of Starovertzi, or dissenters of the old faith, the rigidity of whose principles operates as powerfully on their intercourse with all whom they consider to be members of the orthodox Greek church, as the contracted spirit of the ancient Jews did in preventing them from having any 'dealings with the Samaritans.' One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared to be in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable that he might have furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on a table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation. The only copies of the Scriptures hitherto in use among them, are of the first, or Ostrog edition of the Slavonic Bible, printed before the time of the Patriarch Nikon, when the schism, which had long been forming, was ultimately completed by the alterations which that learned ecclesiastic introduced into the liturgical and other books of the Greek church in Russia. It has been asserted, that there exist, among the Starovertzi, reprints of this Bible, in which every jot and tittle is religiously copied; but the pertinacity with which they secure the continuance of the old Bibles in their families, and transmit them as the most precious treasure to their posterity, renders it difficult to obtain copies for collation. It is a curious fact, and to it perhaps may be traced any disposition at present existing among this people to co-operate in the labours of the Bible Society, that when the first stereotype edition of the Slavonic Bible was printed in St. Petersburg, numbers of them, mistaking the word *stereotype*, and pronouncing it *starotype* (old type), supposed that it was a new impression of their ancient Bible, and purchased a considerable number of copies, at the different depositories. Their predilection for copies of the old edition has rendered them extremely

scarce in Russia; and when it happens that a copy is exposed to sale, it fetches several hundred rubles. Fortunately, the proprietor of a small inn, being a member of the orthodox church, was not influenced by the contracted principles of his neighbours; and had we known of his house before we entered the other, we should not have put these principles to the test."

On the river Moloshnaia,\* or Milky River, which borders the Nogai Steppe,—“The right bank of this river is inhabited by the Duchobortzi, a sect of Russian Dissenters; and the left by the Mennonites. The former of these people eight villages, to which are attached 37,114 desatines of land, independently of an island called the Isle of Wolves, which makes about 1,000 desatines more, and affords excellent pasturage for their cattle in the winter. Their number, in 1818, amounted to 1,152 souls. We spent a few hours at one of their villages, and endeavoured to elicit some information relative to their peculiar sentiments and practices, but found them uncommonly close, and evidently influenced by a suspicion that we had some design against them. They have been called the Russian Quakers; and much as the enlightened members of the Society of Friends would find to object to among this people, as opposed to their views of divine truth, it cannot be denied that many points of resemblance exist between them. Their name, Wrestlers with the Spirit, indicates the strong bearing their system has on mystic exercises, in which they place the whole of religion, to the exclusion of all external rites and ceremonies. All their knowledge is traditional. On our urging upon them the importance of being well supplied with the Scriptures, they told us we were much mistaken if we imagined they had not the Bible among them—they had it in their hearts; the light thus imparted was sufficient, and they needed nothing more. Every thing with them is spiritual. They speak indeed of Christ, and his death; but they explain both his person and sufferings mystically, and build entirely upon a different foundation than the atonement. They make no distinction of days and meats; and marriage, so far from being a sacrament with them, as in the Greek church, is scarcely viewed as a civil rite; and it not unfrequently happens, that proofs are given of a connexion between the parties previous to any announcement of their mutual determination to marry.—Directly opposite to the villages of the Duchobortzi is the first settlement of the Mennonites, from whom we met with the frankest reception, and almost fancied ourselves in the heart of Prussia. Their industry, and the prosperity and neatness of their villages, which are thirty-three in number, and contain about 8,000 inhabitants, have frequently called forth the panegyric of the traveller."

"The day after our arrival at Mozdok, we received a visit from three members of the Russian sect of Dissenters known by the name of Malakani, or 'Milkites,' but who give themselves that of 'Spiritual Christians.' The former appellation is given them by way of reproach, because they made use of milk, and food prepared of milk, during the fasts of the church. They came from a village at the distance of twelve verst from Mozdok, con-

taining upwards of sixty families, who are all of the same persuasion, and enjoy the free exercise of their own peculiar rights, unmolested by the members of the dominant church. In the course of a long conversation, in which they manifested the utmost readiness to satisfy us on every point we proposed, we obtained such information as tended to excite the highest degree of interest in their behalf. We particularly interrogated them respecting the ground of their hope before God; which they declared, in the most explicit manner, to be solely the sufferings and death of the Son of God. They are also sound in the doctrine of the Trinity, believing, as they expressed themselves, in the three hypostases in the Divine Essence. They reject the worship of images, and disapprove of all rites and ceremonies not of divine institution. Having always heard baptism and the Lord's Supper described by the priests as possessing an inherent power to save the soul, and perceiving no such saving effects to result from the observances of these rites, they have been driven to the extreme of rejecting them, as outward ordinances, altogether; yet they strenuously maintain the necessity and importance of their internal and spiritual meaning. The first day of the week they keep holy with the utmost strictness, arranging every thing about their houses with such scrupulosity on the Saturday evening, as to leave them at liberty to devote the whole of that day to the important purposes of devotion and edification. Of such importance do they consider it to enter on the duties of that day in the possession of a spiritual frame of mind, that they meet for prayer on Saturday evening, and mutually implore that preparation of the heart which proceeds from God only. Their public service consists in singing, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and exposition, which last is usually performed by their teacher, or elder, to whom they give the name of 'Presbyter,' and who is only distinguished from his brethren in the congregation by his superior gifts, which, as they expressed themselves, God has put into his heart. Prayer is performed partly on their knees, and partly in prostration. They observe the strictest discipline with respect to any of their number who transgress any of the commandments of Christ. They receive offending members again into communion a first and second time; but when any have been excommunicated the third time, the door of their fellowship is closed against them for ever. Marriage is solemnised among them in the following manner:—the bride first kneels down in the presence of her father, who lays his hands on her head, and presents a prayer for the divine blessing on the intended union. She is then led to the place of worship, where the bridegroom meets her, and they join their right hands, promising to each other love and fidelity, in the presence of God and the congregation. The obligations which they thus come under, are regarded as binding till the death of one of the parties. The Scripture law concerning adultery they do not seem to understand: when a female has been guilty of this crime, she is expelled from the congregation, but not separated from her husband. It gave us much pleasure to receive the most favourable accounts of the excellence of their moral character from a Russian officer, resident in Mozdok, who had had every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with them."

Though we have thus twice called our readers' attention to this volume, we are not sorry that the absence of greater literary novelties will enable us to turn to it again.

\* In all probability, *Gerrhus* (Γέρχους), the seventh of the principal streams specified by Herodotus, and that which formed the boundary between the nomadic and royal Scythians. It is not unworthy of notice, that Ptolemy places a river called the *Λυκος ποταμος* in this quarter."

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## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

**THE POOR GREEKS.**—*A Voice from Greece, contained in an Address from a Society of Greek Ladies to the Philhellenes of their own Sex in the rest of Europe.* Translated by George Lee. London, 1826. Hatchard.

"WILL it be believed," says the preface to this tiny pamphlet, "that Mr. Eynard, of Geneva, has contributed alone nearly as much in support of Greeks as was raised in the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain?" We cannot answer this interrogatory; but we refer to the interesting subject of it, to recall to the attention of our country the effort which we made, eight months ago, to get that done which has only within the present week\* been acted upon, with regard to the mismanagement of the Greek cause by its pretended friends in England. It is seldom that we allow matters which may even be construed into connexion with the party politics of the day, to intrude into our page; but Greece is a theme so interwoven with literature, that we felt it to be a duty to elucidate what was so darkling in her affairs at that period.

On the 24th of December, in closing our review of Mr. Emerson's book, we said, "But ere we dismiss the matter altogether, we may be allowed to turn from the foreign tales of Greece to those connected with it at home. What has become of the Greek Committee in London? It never meets: it does nothing. Has the gambling rot of speculation broken it up? and who of its members are to blame? *Alominable jobs have been practised with the loan and the Greek securities:* the cause has, we suspect, been made but the stalking-horse for greedy mercantile and private aims; and a country risked, if not sacrificed, for the gain of pounds, shillings, and pence."

For several ensuing weeks we followed up this denunciation, the scope and truth of which is now so fully demonstrated; and on the 14th of January, treating of Captain Blaquiere's pamphlet, and the miseries of Greece which it unfolded, observed that other hopes were held out by the pseudo-Philhellenes, who now asserted that the loans could not, if applied, have averted these calamities. "When the money was wanted to be extracted from the pockets of a galled public, then Greece only needed arms and money to be able to extricate herself from the bondage of barbarians, and start forth a free, a glorious, and Christian people. Well, the call was heard, and a loan of two millions was contracted for—that is to say, something about 1,100,000*l.* was subscribed, for which Greece was to repay two millions. And how much might have been done, had this sum been expeditiously, wisely, and honestly furnished to those engaged in the nearly balanced, though desperate struggle! Was it so? No; for if we are rightly informed, and we believe we are, the unfortunate Greeks never received from their friends, nor, not even one-fourth of it in money and munitions of war!! What became of the rest, let the contractors tell. Let them tell, that they retained in their own hands, for their own emoluments, in the shape of commission (this item alone above 60,000*l.*!) and interest, more than they sent to Greece. Let them tell how much they retained under the name of sinking-fund, and to do jobs in keeping up the nominal value of the loans,—real only for them. Let them, above all, having allotted about one quarter to the Greek

cause, and swallowed up one half in the above scandalous ways, tell what they have done with the remaining quarter—tell if more than 300,000*l.* out of the eleven has not been charged (or wasted) for American frigates, which have never sailed, and steam-boats for Lord Cochrane, which have never been seen, nor are ever likely to burn a peck of coals!!

"It is dreadful to reflect, that while such mismanagement and gambling rotted the core of this great design, humanity has been paraded by the only gainers, and Greece has suffered to the very verge of extermination and extinction."

Upon this direct charge, Col. Stanhope did us the honour to address an explanation to us, which we inserted without comment in the *Literary Gazette*; but the week after (doing justice to the honourable writer's own integrity) we re-affirmed (for we had the documents and proofs in our hands) that of about three millions in the two loans, not more than 250,000*l.* ever reached Greece; that 150,000*l.* was retained to do the steam-boat job for Lord Cochrane, and as much more to do the pretty job of American frigates; and we concluded by this strong statement (now well enough explained to the public),—"did not a single contractor (independent of a swarm of inferior plunderers) put as much into his pocket in one day as would have saved Greece for one year, probably for ever?"

Had we been fortunate enough to open the eyes of those most concerned, and to excite that feeling then which prevails now, we should not probably have had to mourn over the desolation of Missolonghi, added to the massacre of Ipsara, and all the other horrors which have overwhelmed this unhappy people, beset alike by ruthless foes and false friends. And we raise our voice again, repeating these facts, because it may not yet be too late to dissipate the delusions, which much of the oratory of the late meeting was calculated rather to augment than diminish, and expurgate the cause of those hypocrites who have fattened on the spoils of a ruined country.

**The Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution, &c.** By Christopher Anderson. 12mo. pp. 448. Edinburgh, 1826. Oliver and Boyd. London, Longman and Co.

THE author appears to be a worthy and well-meaning person; but his book is long and tedious. There is a capital bull in the preface, which tells us, that if Christians bestowed the same patience of research upon the Bible, which philosophers do upon the world of nature, they would "leave discoveries behind, which their successors might follow up, when even these heavens, and this earth were no more." Odd enough successors, surely, these must be!! We notice, with pity, that the work, however, has been written amid great sorrows and afflictions; and though we have enjoyed the little accident in composition above referred to, we are prone to do justice to the author's intentions, and to say, that he enforces with all his strength the necessity of parental authority and early domestic discipline, as the only way to render the world more virtuous and happy than it is without these guides and restraints.

**Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of Napoleon Buonaparte; with copious Historical Illustrations and Original Anecdotes.** 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 902. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

It is extremely amusing to dip into this massive volume, which embodies all that the par-

tisans of Buonaparte have published respecting him and his actions; and to those who wish to know how these parties represent the historical events of the last thirty years, it is a treasure. Suffice it for us to say, that the battle of Maida was a mere "affair upon the borders of the Amalco;" and that the battle of Waterloo was twice a Gallic victory,—the French, though only 69,000 strong, having beat 90,000 English and Belgians, &c., and beat them again after being joined by 30,000 Prussians under Bulow; and being obliged themselves to yield but to a new reinforcement of 30,000 more Prussians under Blucher:—so that, as they calculate, there were "two enemies and a half" to every Frenchman engaged in this glorious triumph!! There is, however, an immense quantity of matter in this volume, and it may serve well as a compendium of remarkable events, though certainly not as a light of history.

**The Woft of the Wye; a Poem descriptive of the Scenery of that River.** By Arthur St. John, Esq. 12mo. London, 1826. Whittaker.

WE are sorry that we cannot compliment the author on this performance. In composition and style it is equally indifferent. The first five lines will prove this:—

"Nay! must the ill-tuned mind, in sooth, comply,  
And sweep the harp's corroded wires along,  
Time a change has wrought, since its wont reply  
To echo's mockery of the cheerful song,  
With such energies as to joy belong."

The third line is monstrous bad measure, and the whole is (we confess) to us unintelligible. One stanza, more comprehensible, but not more commendable, shall finish our exemplar.

"Oh! let the water rage against the rock,  
The broken shelves, that, rugged in their course,  
Impede the current, which, with gentle mock,  
Like taunting fair one, turns aside perforce,  
Spurning unwelcome love with scolding hoarse,  
From the fond hinderance, as loath to stay,  
Far off the gaily winds without remorse,  
Sunk in the vale's embrace, with gentle lay  
She gins her practised prate, and sweetly wanton play."

We will give Mr. St. John credit for poetical feelings, but he has much to overcome before he can be able to express them in a manner fit to meet the public eye.

**Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the Making of their own Wills, &c. &c.** 12mo. pp. 82. London, 1826. Goodluck.

DR. KITCHENER has enforced the pleasures of making a will, and we agree with him so far that it is a pleasure we should like to enjoy annually for a great number of times; and the present author deserves much praise for having enabled us to do so in a simple and proper manner. His little book is, indeed, one of a very useful character; and points out very clearly the way to perform one of the most essential duties of every rational being. It is a practical piece of advice proceeding from a man of sufficient experience.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Letter from Nuhamanna, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, to Captain Kotzebue, during his last Voyage round the World.*

I LOVE you with all my heart, and more than myself, and therefore cannot express in words the pleasure I feel at seeing you again. You will find every thing altered: when Tamumaah was alive, the country flourished; but with his death these blossoms faded, and every thing in the Islands fell into the greatest disorder. The young king is now in London; Karemakeru and Kahumanna are at present absent; and the chief who supplies her place has

\* As we see by the report of speeches, &c., at a public meeting of subscribers to the Loan, at which Col. Stanhope presided.

too little influence with the people to receive you in a becoming manner: he cannot send you as much tarro, nor as many yams and pigs as you will want. I am heartily sorry that my large possessions in the Island Mowee are at so great a distance from here across the sea; if they were nearer, you should daily be surrounded with swine. When Karemaku and Kahumanna return, they will supply you with every thing. The king's brother will also come with them; but he is still a boy, without any experience, and not able to distinguish right from wrong. I beg you to embrace your emperor for me, and to tell him with what pleasure I would do it myself; but, alas! a whole sea lies between us. Do not forget cordially to recommend me to your countrymen. As I am a Christian, like yourself, you will forgive my bad writing. Hunger obliges me to conclude my letter; and I wish that you may also eat your swine's head with a good appetite. With royal constancy, ever yours,

NUHAMANNA.

#### RUSSIAN HISTORY.

[The annexed letter not only vindicates our country's literature in the person of its writer, but corrects so many errors in Russian history, and throws so much light over its subject, that we have great pleasure in inserting it, as received from Mr. Lloyd.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—As you have been induced, by the laudable desire, as it appears, of doing justice to Mr. Rabbe, to bestow a considerable portion of your valuable paper upon a second notice of his *Life of Alexander*, and to notice "some historical points which seem to deserve further attention," I am induced to trouble you with this letter, as I wish you to be informed of the truth, whether you may or may not think it worth while to let your readers know how much the public is indebted to Mr. Rabbe.

Within twenty-four hours after the news of the death of Alexander was known in London, I was asked by the highly respectable house of Treuttel and Würtz, whether I should be inclined to draw up a sketch of his life, calculated to gratify the feelings of the public, at that time highly interested by his sudden and lamented death. I expressed my willingness to comply with their wishes, provided they could furnish me in time with certain materials; as, with their aid, and the knowledge I had myself acquired during thirteen years' residence in Germany, and the opportunity I have had for thirteen years more, as you are aware, by having many official documents of importance, published in every part of Europe, pass through my hands, I should be able to give, in a moderate compass, such a sketch as was required. The issue was, my *Life of Alexander*, of which all the reviews that I have seen have spoken in terms with which I have sufficient reason to be satisfied. The publishers, thinking the work would answer in France, sent the sheets as they came from the press to their house at Paris, which intrusted them to Mr. Rabbe to be translated, with such additions (and, if necessary, corrections) as he might be able to make. The consequence has been, that Mr. Rabbe has produced two volumes, containing nearly four times as much matter as my volume, the whole of which he has, however, incorporated in his own; though, as stated in your first notice of his work, without that due acknowledgment which I might have expected, especially as the case stood with respect to his connexion with the publishers. However, I had no intention of taking notice of Mr. Rabbe, being perfectly satisfied with the justice done him in your

first article; but as you have given him a second, for the sake of his historical points, I have taken the trouble of comparing your extracts with my own book, to see what part of them I might claim. I will now state the result.

The statement respecting the sentiments of Alexander toward Napoleon, and the opinion of Count Boutourlin, will be found in pages 100—102 of my work, and the note, p. 311. Your extract beginning, "All concurs," is in truth but a kind of paraphrase of my p. 110. "Alexander quitted Tilsit," from p. 103. "Peace with France," p. 111. "Founded," &c., is from p. 117, with Mr. R.'s absurd remarks tacked to it.

In turning over Mr. Rabbe's work, I have met with various passages which I have no kind of desire to attribute to any body but himself. The first instance is amusing: it is in p. 164 of Vol. I., where we are informed that in the battle of Jena, 1806, "The Prussian army was commanded by that old Field-Marshal Munich, who had acquired a melancholy celebrity by his defeat in Champagne, at the time of the first coalition." Every body knows that the Prussian army, both in Champagne and at Jena, was commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, whom Mr. Rabbe mentions indeed, but merely to say that he was seriously wounded at Jena. As for old Field-Marshal Munich, I know of no person to whom this will apply, except Field-Marshal Count Munich, born in 1683, the favourite of the Empress Anne of Russia, who, after many vicissitudes of fortune, died in October 1767, at the age of 84.

Mr. Rabbe says, "Russia scarcely sustained any loss of territory" (by the treaty of Tilsit); but Russia, far from losing any thing, actually gained an accession of territory, at the expense of the King of Prussia, his unfortunate ally; the province of Rialystock being added to the Russian empire. Mr. Rabbe, when stating, at p. 175, the conditions of the treaty of Tilsit, omits this (perhaps he has placed it somewhere else); but to make up for it, he quotes (p. 7, Vol. II.) a statement of the territorial acquisition of Russia, which says, that by the treaty of Tilsit, she gained an accession of territory, with a population of 439,780 souls. Rialystock, I believe, has not 200,000 inhabitants in the whole district, and I am not aware of any other acquisitions by the treaty of Tilsit.

Page 284, Mr. Rabbe mentions Mr. Robert, the new English minister at Constantinople. Who is Mr. Robert? Perhaps Sir Robert Liston may be meant; only he should have been called Sir Liston, according to the inveterate habit of the French, who write Sir Wilson, Sir Davy, for Sir Robert Wilson, Sir Humphrey Davy, &c. Vol. II., p. 155, we are told, "that the battle of Leipsic was decided against Napoleon by the infamous treachery of General Wrede, who went over to the enemy, with all his Bavarians and Wurtembergers, taking with him 70 pieces of cannon." The Saxons deserted Buonaparte at Leipsic; but the Bavarians were not in the battle, nor did they commit hostilities against the French till their king had openly declared in favour of the allies, after which General Wrede endeavoured, at Hanau, to stop the retreat of the French.

In pp. 26, 27, of Vol. II., is a strangely composed account of the elevation of Bernadotte to the dignity of Crown Prince of Sweden. Any person, ignorant of the circumstances, would imagine that Pomerania was in Sweden, and not in Germany, and that

Bernadotte, having thrown aside his democratic energy on his arrival in Sweden, so charmed the Swedes, whom he was sent to govern by military power, that their crown prince having died suddenly, they invited Bernadotte to take his place. Bernadotte never was in Sweden till after his election as crown prince; but he had made himself favourably known to the Swedes by his conduct in Pomerania, and was in retirement at Paris when the offer was made him. The other motives which caused a party in Sweden to turn their thoughts on Bernadotte, may be reserved for a future opportunity, when I may, perhaps, have occasion to state how the crown of Sweden had been previously offered to England, and refused, as well as the reasons that were assigned for this refusal. At present, I have merely wished to let you know the value of some of the additions made by Mr. Rabbe to the English original.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

H. E. LLOYD.

London, Sept. 5, 1836.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### FRENCH SURGERY.

THE French appear to be making great and successful efforts to improve the art of surgery. In the last sitting of the Academy of Medicine, several cases were described, in which cures had been effected under circumstances hitherto deemed beyond the resources of the art. One of the most extraordinary was that of a girl, twelve years of age, completely cured, by M. Larrey, of a cancer in the lower jaw, occupying nearly the whole of the right side of that bone. Some years ago, the dreadful and almost certainly fatal operation of amputation had been recommended by a very skilful surgeon, in this very case. M. Larrey, after having cut out the fungous part of the bone, had recourse, for the cure of the remaining part, to the employment of fire; of which he has availed himself most successfully in a number of desperate cases. He used the actual cautery. The young patient underwent forty or fifty applications of the red-hot iron; but those applications were by no means so painful as might be imagined. The child walked to M. Larrey's, and returned home in the same way. She did not utter a single cry during the operation, and admitted that she suffered very little. The cure is perfect. — *French Journal*.

##### POISONING.

SIR,—The numerous accidents and crimes which occur from the administration of poisonous drugs, as arsenic, which resembles wheat flour, and oxalic acid, which resembles Epsom salts, induce me to submit, through the channel of the *Literary Gazette*, the precautions taken by our neighbours the French. Every chemist, druggist, and apothecary, is under a penalty for selling any poisonous drug to any person whatever, without the order or recipe of a medical man, and signed by him, with the name and address of the person to whom it is furnished. Were such a system to be adopted in England, poisoning would be rendered next to impossible, either intentionally or accidentally.

Yours, &c.

ZETA.

##### THE LATE JAMES WATT.

AN interesting meeting took place on the 30th at Greenock, the birth-place of the late James Watt, upon the occasion of appropriating the sum subscribed for a monument to his memory.



At this meeting, Mr. James Watt, of Soho, the son of the distinguished individual in question, and Sir Humphrey Davy, were present, and were complimented in very handsome terms by the chairman, Sir J. Shaw Stewart: they severally addressed the assembled subscribers; and, on its being resolved that the fund, amounting to 1703*l.*, should be expended on a marble statue of the deceased, by Chantrey, Mr. Watt gave 2000*l.* to build a library for its reception. The statue will be similar to that which is to adorn the Metropolitan Church of London; and certainly could not have a more appropriate station in the place where this great man was born, than in a building devoted to the diffusion of knowledge and science.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

THE bad effects of conflicting nomenclatures in any branch of science have often been deplored; but still it is difficult to obtain a general consent to a given remedy. Mineralogy, Chemistry, Botany, Natural History, and even Medicine, have suffered from this cause: German, French, and English systems clash, and the classifications of the school of one philosopher are either rejected or not adopted by the followers of another. In some remarks on Bory de St. Vincent's proposed species of the genus *Homo*, in Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science* for June, we read the following remarks on this point:—"We do not say that the discoveries in Natural Science since the time of Linnæus do not render some modifications of his system absolutely necessary. In many departments, the numerous and new objects that have been brought to light rendered it necessary to adopt new genera and species to bring them under the Linnæan arrangement; and certain of the Linnæan classes, particularly *Insecta* and *Vermes*, and in Botany the class *Cryptogamia*, required to be remodelled, as they have been in many instances, by able writers. But these modifications should be as much as possible assimilated to the terminology of the great institutional writer who first reduced confusion into order, in arranging and naming the objects of nature, and whose system and language are still the common medium of communication among the learned in all parts of the world. Every additional and unnecessary term introduced into science, is a useless load upon the memory,—and every change of nomenclature, not imperiously called for, tends rather to retrograde than advance its interests. From not attending to this, many of the petty proposers of systems and arrangements have already succeeded in making it extremely difficult, without immense labour, to ascertain the identity of species, through their multiplied synonyms; and all distinctive characteristics are lost in the search of mere words without meaning, in the works of these minute philosophers." It is time for those who feel more interested in the knowledge of things than terms, to raise a barrier against the contagion of these encumbering nomenclaturists, who, by everlastingly quoting one another, or their own indebted manuscripts, have contrived to push themselves into ephemeral notice. Luckily, in Britain, except among a very few, and those of no very overpowering genius or learning, this revolutionary frenzy has made but little progress. But every Frenchman who knows

\* M. de Rivière, in the *Annals of the Linnæan Society of Paris*, proposes a new language of Botany, in which each organ shall be expressed by a letter, and the number of organs by the place which the letter occupies in the word. This botanical notation he wishes the Society to promulgate, and thus to do for the scientific world what the French Academy has done for the literary!"

any thing of science must be an author, and not only so, but the author of a system in some particular department; and his presumption, in nine cases out of ten, being in an inverse ratio to his qualifications and his judgment, his book comes forth studded with a terminology composed of Greek and Latin compounds of the most unreadable and unpronounceable nature, and these are indicated as the classical and future names by which the objects of which he affects to treat are alone to be known.\* The men of science in other parts of Europe have not been able to resist this revolutionary contagion."

M. Bory de St. V., it seems, wishes to divide man into fifteen† species; M. Virey, another French philosopher, having led the way by dividing the genus into two, which M. Desmoulins raised to eleven. The most cogent reason for considering the African Negro as a distinct species, different from all the other inhabitants of the globe, was furnished to M. Virey by M. Latreille, the celebrated entomologist. It is—shall we say it?—that the *louse* found on the heads of negroes is BLACK, while that found on the heads of civilised Europeans is WHITE! (See *Nouv. Dict. d'Hist.* vol. xv. p. 152.) But if the said *pedicularian* tribes be found, on investigation, to accommodate their complexion to the colour of the skin on which they lodge, this argument will have little weight in dooming the children of Ham to perpetual servitude as an inferior species. It may be worth M. Virey's trouble to examine if the *pediculus* on heads in the South of France be not a brunette, compared with the fat and fair fraternity on the scalps in England. But if this *pedicularian* argument have any weight at all, we must go still farther; and as M. Bory seems to consider the Hottentots as the link in the chain which connects man with apes, we shall put it in his power to draw the connexion closer, by the communication of a fact from Blumenbach. That excellent naturalist asserts, from his own knowledge, that the human *pediculus* is also found on the *Simia troglodytes* and on the *Ceropithecus paniscus*! How far M. Bory may be successful in tracing the descent of some of his varieties from the ancient and no doubt respectable family of the Simias, we have no curiosity in learning,—protesting, as we do, on the part of the people of England, that in this particular we dissent from conclusions so disgusting to humanity, and so degrading to science.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.—Resulting from a dispute between the Magistracy of Edinburgh and the Senatus Academicus of the College of that city, his Majesty has issued a commission of inquiry, with powers not only to settle this matter, but to make such other provisions and arrangements as may be requisite in all the Universities of Scotland.

\* "In a book published at Frankfurt in 1825, on the *Natural History of Lichens*, M. Walroth, a German, has followed the French nomenclaturists even to unintelligibility. Not satisfied with the terms in use among former botanical writers, or even with those attempted to be introduced by modern reformers, he has created a set of barbarous terms, which he uses in his descriptions, and which even his French critics are not disposed to allow. For the use of philosophical recorders of aberrations of mind, we quote the following passage:—

"*Patellaria fusco-turbo* (Lecidei, Achar. Syn. p. 42.) Blastemate acolyto verrucoso chlorogonimiclio stephopheno, facile in massam chlorophanum fatiscens; cytmatis plano convexiusculis marginem excludentibus, ex spelrenatum uberitate variis nunc dilute fuscescentibus intusque albidis, lividis intusque melinophanis."—*Bull. des Sciences Nat.* Nov. 1825, p. 586."

† The distinctions on which M. Bory relies for his specific characters, are, in one or two cases, the facial angle, colour, height, and look or crisp hair."

## FINE ARTS.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &amp;c.

## No. IX.—More Perplexities.

FITNESS is the great desideratum of every art: it is a quality equally important to the painter, the poet, the *perruquier*, the *tailleur*, and every other artist (for each is *artiste* now) who expects to cut a figure in his art.

Juba, the black tailor in the Isle of France, was principal *artiste* in his line to the *gallant Pompadours*. "Lieutenant *Lanternfly* of ours," said the lively Major Short, "was the best-made fellow in the *light* company. Captain *Bottomly*, as he was designated, being in figure a companion *Adonis* to the *Venus Hottentot*, was perhaps the *worst*." But "we cannot see ourselves." *Lanternfly* employed Juba to make him a pair of dress inexpressibles, for the governor's lady's ball. Captain B., too, received a card: he sent for Juba, and was measured for a similar cut: but looking over his shoulder, in the glass, as he tried them on, he gave poor Juba "a blowing up," for the said galligaskins were likened by the mess to my friend J.—'s joke of *Toulon* and *Toulonaise*. The black tailor, however, like most *men of colour*, had something smart to say in his defence: so, smoothing the captain with both hands, he exclaimed, "No fault of Juba: *massa capitain* hab gran swell behind—*massa capitain* hab gran swell before; how can Juba make fit *massa capitain*?"

The President of our Royal Academy, whose sayings and doings are all of the tip-top mode, is unquestionably the best *tailleur*, and as indubitably the best *friseur*, in Christendom:—as a painter, where shall we find his peer? How Sir Thomas manages it, we cannot divine; but he somehow contrives to "make fit," to be the cut of his customers what it may. This is a thing better worth knowing than the Venetian secret itself. He, the great "shape master" of the age, can diffuse dignity to the dowdy, gaiety to the gloomy, life to the listless, and, as Guido was wont of old, can create a sylph, though his model were a porter. The wonder of all these metamorphoses, however, consists in this—that though he shapes his sitters thus, even the most fastidious owns them to be *like*.

Cosway rendered all his sitters somewhat more than pretty. He peered at old and young through his oval peep-hole, and manufactured miniature gods and goddesses, wholesale, and to every heart's content. He magnified the eyes, and diminished the mouths; threw a carmine blush over the cadaverous, and softened down the blowy into the sentimental hue. He even canonised his wife before she became a lady abess, and—made an *Adonis* of himself. "Tiny Cosmetic," however, was gifted with second sight, could "call up spirits from the vasty deep," and, doubtless, drew the portraits of any but his living subjects.

The first President made his men intellectual—his young women were angels, his matrons were saints; the second President's portraits were wrought in iron; Copley's were of wood; Hoppner's women were handsome, flaunting, and fair; Lely's ladies' eyes were amorous and languishing; Reynolds's were intelligent and chaste; Lawrence's are bewitching:—but with Hoppner, who is there that could compete in the imitation of woman's lovely mouth? Beechey's women are lady-like; Shee's men, gentleman-like; Jackson's, *Joshua*-like; and Phillips's, sterling-like. Owen's—alas! friend Owen, would we could have yet recorded more of thine! so truly churchman-like. Opie's, were they not *sombre*-like? whilst Abbot's, to use

an idiom, were staring-like. Pickersgill's are Circassian-like; Reinagle's, masonic-like; our worthy keeper's, *Da Vinci*-like:—yet all so PAINTER-LIKE.

Owen once said Lawrence ought to paint more elegantly than his compeers, even admitting his intuitive notions of grace: for from his boyhood upwards, his sitters have always been of the patrician mould. This were an advantage many might envy; but there are those who, had they to boast of such patronage, might, perchance, have lost a great attribute of the painter's art. Indeed, those not in the president's secrets are a little surprised, painting as he has done from the delicate proportions of gentility, how he could have managed to have excelled as he does in BREADTH. Whilst there are those who, having studied from lusty lord mayors, and hugeous lady mayoreses, bulky aldermen, monstrous wardens of prisons, of city companies, church-wardens, and others so denominated—all their lives, who have yet demonstrated nothing of the *grand gusto* in their works. But, as Mr. Northcote says, (who, like King Charles, "never said a foolish thing.") "Breadth is an abstract quality, existing in the painter's mind."

Reynolds, who was a philosopher in all things, was used to observe to aspiring tyros, in gentle reproof of their murmurings at the *plebeian* quality of their sitters, "Touching my own practise, my young friends, I ever found Nature sufficient for the utmost exercise of my art."

"Oh! and this may do for you, Sir Josh," exclaimed a pupil of Peter's, an Irish youth, as he left the great man's study. "Phillew! and what is it to you! you who can make a warm picture of a tall man with a little head, all on cold blue and gold, and relieved—by the powers! all on an azure sky!" Sir Joshua had just then completed his celebrated whole-length of Philip Duke d'Orleans.

Hogg, for that was the young artist's name, was a true son of Erin: he was monoptical, but, like his master, parson Peters, had, nevertheless, an "eye for colour." Hogg was a satirical genius, and said many neat things in the true national spirit, even to his superiors. The worthy President West, like his illustrious predecessor, was an able and kind lecturer in his own gallery. Hogg submitted a picture to the great epic painter:—he had, it seems, misplaced his *blues*. "You should read Hogarth's Analysis," said the president: "and you will therein find a proposition which no one has been able to solve. He says, 'Shew me where to place the *blue*, and I will shew you where to dispose of all the other colours.' 'I never thought Hogarth a fool till now,'" said Hogg; "Sir Joshua has exactly shewn us that you may place it just exactly where you please, sure!" Sir Joshua, then, fabricated a picture of a man in *blue*; and a glorious piece it was. Gainsborough wrought another,—a boy in *blue*:—who has not heard of Gainsborough's "*blue boy*?" But a difficulty has been opposed to art in our day, which would have puzzled even Sir Joshua himself to have conquered. No less than a "*man in red*," your modern English military hero; one of your great field-marshal, with almost as many stars shining on his martial breast as can be counted in the two hemispheres.

Yet the doughty portrait painter must face these mighty salamanders, and *subdue* them by his art. "But there's the rub." To stand up to a nine-foot canvass, before such a blaze of red, to tone it down to rules of art, or tune it up to exhibition key, to blaze upon the

walls of Somerset House, and then and there to meet the learned critic's eye, who talks, ye gods! of *keeping*! The glare alone would cause any *artiste étranger* a fit of *scarlatina*; and had poor Hogg been spared to glance at such a thing, there had been an end to his rare single eye. Vandyke, to use Will Hogarth's phrase, had "better luck:"—he portrayed his British heroes in grave buff jerkins, clad or cased in sober armour.

Why does not Sir Thomas Lawrence paint our King in that ancient martial garb? George the Fourth, an equestrian figure in armour! We could not propose a grander figure for such a composition. The Duke of York too! Look upon Lawrence's or Jackson's resemblance of our commander-in-chief, and let imagination fit the noble contour of the face to such bright armour as either of these, or many other of our compeers, could paint. Titian, Vandyke, or Rubens, would have gloried in such a theme. Both these illustrious persons should be thus transmitted to posterity, to the glory of the British school.

Would it not be nobly patriotic on the part of the government to commission all our distinguished portrait painters to portray such of our illustrious compeers, whether heroes, senators, divines, lawyers, literati, or professors of sciences and arts, who have done that honour to their country which entitles them to the regard of posterity, and to place them in the projected grand national gallery? Such a scheme would be fitting the glorious and intellectual age of George the Fourth. We revel in the mere imagination of such a collection. What a field for generous competition for the first school of portrait painters in the world! We have recently seen, with renewed pleasure, the whole-length portrait of his present Majesty, in his parliamentary robes, with the late improvements bestowed upon it by its author, Sir Thomas Lawrence. A more splendid, a more grand, or a more painter-like composition never proceeded from the ancient or modern limner's art; and when Time shall have done that for the pigments of which it is so admirably wrought, which his slow and silent hand has spread over that of Vandyke's whole-length of King Charles in the adjacent new gallery, it will be viewed by admiring posterity to the glory of the old British school.

Should we happily live to behold the adoption of so grand a scheme, then should we whisper *sub rosa* to certain of our ingenious compatriots, to set to, soberly, after a few weeks' expurgation for the sins of erring against truth, until the judgment had recovered from those flaunting aberrations from nature perpetrated by the ungrateful geniuses for whom she has done so much; until the imagination, indeed, had regained its healthy tone, from that increasing *malade de couleur* engendered in the great room, Somerset House, the symptoms of which are thence left dancing in false flaring radiance before the optic nerves, to the tantalisation of all the tyros. We can boast a great band of colourists: but friends of all loves, beware! lest in screwing up higher and higher still, to "exhibition key," ye crack the strings of harmony!

We should, moreover, put on the invisible cap, and, wheeling our flight from one great man's study to another, note down the colour and figure of the slips of old stock brocade,—whisper the varying of the pattern occasionally, and, especially, offer a few suggestions touching the *build* of the elbow'd seat upon the throne; these *accessoires*, and other necessary *explicatives*, having become somewhat too familiar in many

of our first-rate works. And as for *crimons*, whether of velvet, silk, or satin, in all their grades, from the old, of Venice manufacture, to the new of Spital Fields, we should cry reformation! and, squaring our reductions by the general quantity, as measured on the walls of the said Somerset House, dispense with, at least, somewhat about seventy-five per cent.

#### Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams.

WE have been favoured with a sight of the plates in the forthcoming Number of Mr. Williams's *Views in Greece*; and have no hesitation in stating, that in picturesque beauty and composition, and in engraving, they surpass those of the Numbers already published of this elegant and masterly work. These plates, we are happy to perceive, are larger than the former; which admits the details of the landscapes to be more made out, and greater effect to be thrown over the whole. The subjects are—1. *The Town of Patras*. 2. *River Scenery, approaching Pillenè from the Corinthian Shore*. 3. *The Rocks of the Strophacles*. 4. *The Schiste on Mount Parnassus*; and 5. *The Temple of Pandrosus*.

This is certainly one of the most interesting classical productions of art of our time; and few can compete with it in accuracy of pencilling, beauty of composition, or perfection in the execution, whether of the designs or of the plates.

[Under our usual head of *Fine Arts*, we have this week to lay before our readers a letter from a correspondent which touches upon several matters of considerable interest to them.]

AMONG your Essays on the Arts, I do not recollect your having mentioned the pleasure derived by many from visiting the different auctions of pictures;\* I do not mean in the contemplation of any acknowledged specimen of any celebrated master, but in the endeavour to find something in disguise,—a Teniers or a Titian obscured by the accumulated dirt of ages,—a diamond in the rough,—to be sent to the liner instead of the lapidary, and frequently to be painted rather than polished. That a spirit of search is abroad, as well in the connoisseur as collector, no one who attends the public sales will for a moment doubt; the anxiety and close examination, by many of the regular attendants at sales, will satisfactorily prove how anxious these worthies are to discover and restore the works of genius.

It is frequently very entertaining to hear the remarks made on these occasions by some whose judgment rather lies in the manner than the mind. I know an old gentleman, whose opinion is looked to, who, on having a picture placed before him, invariably taps two or three times on it with his knuckles. I suppose this gained him the appellation of a *sound judge*.

The generalising plan adopted at the auctions with regard to the names of artists, I must protest against. On reading a catalogue of pictures, you find Boths and Berghems, Watteaus and Wouvermans, Claudes and Cuyps. Step to the arena, and for Both see Wyke, for Berghem, Corré, for Watteau, Lancret, for Wouvermans, Van Falers; and so on through the chapter. I may add, you will be fortunate even to find the true works of these imitators: a certain style is attributed to the head of the school; and thus we see the number of great names in the catalogue. This observation is applicable to all, from the highest to the low-

\* We generally give accounts of the picture sales which are worthy of notice.—Ed.

est,—from St. James's Square to Leicester Square.\*

You are aware, Mr. Editor, the duty has been taken off foreign pictures, which are now admitted at our ports on payment of a shilling each, and a shilling a square foot; a nominal import. I am, as I always was, satisfied this will be productive of benefit to the arts and artists of this kingdom. Many were of opinion, the moment the duties were reduced, the country would be inundated with inferior pictures; but the result has and will prove the contrary: a collector must have very good judgment, and a knowledge of the country, to make a profitable excursion to Holland for the purchase of low-priced pictures; and as to the truly fine works, the English collector has only to refer to the prices given by the Dutch dealer last season at Mr. Christie's, to convince him of the estimation the great masters are held in by their countrymen.

It is worth remarking, as another instance of merit finding its level and value, that after the war, when the early importations were made, collectors brought over many works of inferior Dutch masters, such as Horremans and Beeldenmaker, which, bought at half a dozen guilders each in Holland, were readily sold for more guineas in London: this, however, is no longer the case, the novelty has subsided, their true merit been found, and a good specimen of either of these painters may now be procured for a pound.

I am your obedient servant,  
ARTLESS.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—No. IV.

##### *The Redeemed Captive.*

GLANCED the white moonlight o'er the silver wave,

Clear, colourless, with not one stain or shade,  
Save when the little vessel past, and gave  
Its image to the waters, and so made

A moment darkness, as her beakers lave  
Themselves in that bright bath: how glad she  
springs,

Like sea-bird forth upon its glittering wings!

Within that little bark are joy, and love,  
And hope almost too anxious for content;  
And grateful eyes seek the blue heaven above,  
And eager gaze o'er the far sea is bent:

With cross and prayer two priests amid them  
move;  
Upon a blessed mission they were sent;

The pious ransom was not urged in vain—  
The Christian captive quits his Moorish chain.

Near to their harbour, the fair winding shore  
Shews olive groves crusted with the pearl dew,  
And chestnuts tall, which seem as if they bore  
A century's growth; close and more close they  
drew;

Cadiz, thy white walls shone the moonbeams o'er;  
Like prison'd birds, each heart throbb'd at  
the view;

One moment more, the galley feels the strand,  
The rescued prisoners touch their native land.

And there were meetings such as make the  
past [worst;

Forgotten, though that past had been life's  
Mother and child, maiden and youth, are cast  
Each on the other's heart; breathless at first,  
The lips but look their meaning, till at last

Tears make a way for words—a passionate  
burst

\* The names of Wyke and Van Falers are not familiar to us; and the MS. is not distinct enough to enable us to amend them if incorrect.—*Ed.*

Comes of thanksgiving: O Life, this is bliss!  
But years of pain must purchase hours like this.

But follow we our captive—one whose vest,

And more his stately step and bearing proud,

Spoke nobler birth and being than the rest;

A fair train waited him amid the crowd,  
And eagerly an aged servant prest—

As by long service privilege allow'd—

And caught his young lord's hand, then turn'd  
away

To weep the welcome that he could not say.

"My father, tell me, Garcia, is he well?"

"Oh! God hath kept him in his trial hour."

"And she, mine own, my gentle Isabelle?"

Slowly the answer came; "Within her bower

Such constant tears for thy long absence fell,

That somewhat they have dimm'd thy lovely  
flower:

But thou art come, and come again to see

Roses which seem'd as if they fled with thee."

He leapt upon his steed, and like the wind

They speed them on; at first his giddy brain

Swam like a chaos—mystery of the mind

Which would guide its own workings, but  
in vain:

Happy he was, but somewhat undefined

Prest on his spirit with a sense of pain.

Hath the heart, then, foreknowledge of its fate,

Warning at once too early and too late?

Eager he flung him from his horse; he sees

His father's towers mid the dark pines arise,

Beautiful in the moonlight's last, those trees

Hide a small pathway green, direct it lies

To where the castle gardens load the breeze

With lemon odours and the rose's sighs:

He turn'd him to that path, he knew it well—

It was his favourite walk with Isabelle.

He took that path; and many a sign was there

In sweet shrub planted, and in lithe flower

train'd,

Of gentle nursing and of gentle care;

And dear thoughts entrance in his bosom

gain'd:—

Was it for his sake it had won such share

Of her fond culture? had she then retain'd

Such deep, true memory of Love's early scene,

As to make all a shrine where it had been?

He enter'd now the garden, and a fall

Of singing, voice and lute, sank on his ear:

At first it seem'd thrice sweet and musical,

But it grew sadder as he came more near.

He heard soft tones, he could distinguish all,

But not the one voice that he sought to hear.

Dark was the castle, save one red-drear glare

From the chief hall:—what might such light

mean there?

He rush'd in, and his step seem'd harshly loud,

And jarr'd his ear—so still was all around:

Maidens were there with faces downwards

bow'd, [bound

And tears had stopp'd their dirge; as if spell-

He stood, he saw the coffin and the shroud,

The pale flowers scatter'd o'er the sacred

ground;

He rush'd, and raised the pall—his young, his

fair—

He knew the dead, and knew his own despair.

His heart was wreck'd for ever; for a while

He staid to watch his father's dying bed;

But never more knew he a tear or smile—

Their sources, fears and hopes, were with

the dead.

Then—not that fame had sought that could

beguile,

But for its fate—sought he the warfare red,

And died in battle.

IOLE.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We are glad to find that our arranged store of Sketches, which illustrate human character as well as the newest instances which could be dwelt upon, have met with so much approbation. We will not be tempted to encroach upon our long-practised plan, however, beyond the mere feature of giving to the pages of the *Gazette* a temporary and we hope not unentertaining variety; and with this purpose the following continuation is submitted.]

*Mourning.*—"Black is the sign of mourning," says Rabelais, "because it is the colour of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite to white, which is the colour of light, of joy, and of happiness."

The early poets asserted that souls, after death, went into a dark and gloomy empire. Probably it is in consonance with this idea that they imagined black was the most congenial colour for mourning. The Chinese and the Siamese choose white, conceiving that the dead become beneficent genii.

In Turkey, mourning is composed of blue or violet; in Ethiopia of gray; and at the time of the invasion of Peru by the Spaniards, the inhabitants of that country wore it of mouse colour. Amongst the Japanese, white is the sign of mourning, and black of rejoicing. In Castile, mourning vestments were formerly of white serge. The Persians clothed themselves in brown, and they, their whole family, and all their animals, were shaved. In Lycia, the men wore female habiliments during the whole time of their mourning.

At Argos people dressed themselves in white, and prepared large feasts and entertainments. At Delos they cut off their hair, which was deposited upon the sepulchre of the dead. The Egyptians tore their bosoms, and covered their faces with mud, wearing clothing of the colour of yellow, or of dead leaves.

Amongst the Romans, the wives were obliged to weep the death of their husbands, and children that of their father, during a whole year. Husbands did not mourn for their wives, nor fathers for their children unless they were upwards of three years old.

The full mourning of the Jews continues for a year, and takes place upon the death of parents. The children do not put on black, but are obliged to wear, during the whole year, the clothes which they had on at the death of their father, without being allowed to change them, let them be ever so tattered. They fast on the anniversary of his death, every year. Second mourning lasts a month, and takes place on the demise of children, uncles, and aunts. During that period they dare neither wash themselves, shave, nor perfume themselves, nor even cut their nails. They do not eat in common in the family, and the husband and wife live separately. Slight mourning continues only for a week, and is worn on the decease of a husband or of a wife. On returning from the funeral obsequies, the husband, wearing his mourning habits, washes his hands, uncovers his feet, and seats himself on the ground, remains in the same posture, and continues to groan and weep, without paying attention to any occupation, until the seventh day.

The Chinese, when they are in mourning, wear coarse white cloth, and weep three years for the loss of the departed. The magistrate no longer exercises his functions, the counsellor suspends his suits, and husbands and wives, as with the Jews, live apart from each other. Young people live in seclusion, and cannot marry till the end of the three years.

The mourning of the Caribbees consists in cutting off their hair, and in fasting rigorously until the body putrify; after which they in-



dulge in debauches, to drive all sadness away from their minds.

Among certain nations in America, the nature of the mourning depended upon the age of the deceased. At the death of children, the relations were inconsolable; while scarcely a tear was given to the aged. Mourning for children, in addition to its longer duration, was common, and they were regretted by the whole town in which they drew their first breath. On the day of their demise, persons dared not approach their parents, who made a frightful noise in their house, yielded to the most violent fits of despair, howled like demons, tore their hair, bit themselves, and scratched themselves over the whole body. The following day they threw themselves upon a bed, which they watered with their tears. The third day they commenced their groaning for the loss of their child: this lasted a whole year, during which neither father nor mother ever washed themselves. The rest of the inhabitants of the place, in order to evince their sympathy for the affliction of the parents, wept three times a day until the body was borne to the grave.

*Presages.*—Cecilia, wife of Metellus, consulted the gods on the establishment of her niece, who had attained a marriageable age. This young creature, wearied by remaining standing before the altar without receiving any reply, intreated her aunt to give her half of her seat. "Willingly," said Cecilia to her; "I will even give you up the whole of my place." Her kindly disposition dictated these words, which were, however, says Valerius Maximus, a sure presage of what was to happen; for Cecilia died some time afterwards, and Metellus married his niece.

At the time when the Consul Octavius was waging war against his colleague Cinna, the head of a statue of Apollo fell off of itself, and sunk so deeply into the ground that it could not be drawn out again. He deemed that this prodigy announced his death, and the very fear which he had of it, soon realised the presage. After he had lost his life, the head of the statue (says Valerius Maximus) was taken out without difficulty from the ground.

When Paulus Æmilius was at war with King Perseus, a remarkable circumstance happened to him. One day, on returning home, he embraced, as was his custom, the youngest of his daughters, named Tertia; and seeing her more sad than usual, he asked her what was the cause of her melancholy. The little girl answered him, that Perseus was dead—(a small dog, which the child named thus, had just died). Paulus considered it a presage; and, in fact, a short time afterwards he vanquished King Perseus, and entered triumphant into Rome.

A little while before the invasion of the Spaniards in Mexico, there was taken, in the lake of Mexico, a bird like a crane, which was carried to the Emperor Montezuma as a miraculous thing. This bird had upon the top of the head a sort of mirror, in which Montezuma saw the heavens bespangled with stars,—which greatly astonished him: then raising his eyes to the firmament, and not seeing any stars in it, he a second time looked into the glass, and perceived a nation coming from the east, which was armed, and in the act of fighting and slaying their adversaries. His soothsayers having come to explain the presage to him, the bird disappeared, and left them in great consternation. "It was, in my opinion," says Delaure, "his evil demon that came

to declare to him his death, which very soon afterwards took place."

In the kingdom of Loango, in Africa, it would be regarded as the most fatal presage to the king, if any one should see him eat or drink; he is therefore absolutely alone and without servants when he takes his meals. Travellers, in speaking of this superstition, relate a most barbarous trait of a king of Loango. One of his sons, a boy of eight or nine years of age, had imprudently entered into the room where he was eating, and at the moment when he was about to carry the cup to his lips: he arose from table, called the chief priest, who seized the child, had him killed, and rubbed the arm of the father with his blood, in order to avert the misfortunes with which this presage appeared to threaten him. Another king of Loango had a dog destroyed of which he was very fond, and which, having one day followed him, had been present at his dinner.

*Popular Presages.*—When a man goes a hunting, he will be lucky if he meets a licentious woman; unlucky, if he falls in with a priest.

When we meet any one in the road who asks us whither we are going, we must retrace our steps, for fear that harm should reach us.

If we see a spider in the morning, we may expect to receive money.

When a man loses only three drops of blood at the nose, it is a presage of death for some one of the family.

When you meet in a journey with sheep which familiarly approach you, it is a sign that you will be well received by those you are going to visit; if they fly before you, they presage an unpropitious welcome.

When small cinders form on the wick of a candle, they foretel news,—which will be agreeable if they increase the light, but vexatious if they dim it.

Our friends are speaking of us when our left ear tingles, and our enemies when it is the right.

If a person fasting relates an unfavourable dream to a person who has breakfasted, the dream will be unlucky to the former. It will be unlucky to the latter if he is fasting, and the other has breakfasted. It will be unfortunate for both provided both are fasting; but will be without any result at all if both have their stomachs furnished.

Three lights burning in the same room are a presage of death.

Woe be to him who meets in the morning either with a priest, or a monk, or a virgin, or a hare, or a serpent, or a lizard, or a stag, or a roebuck, or a wild boar! Good luck will betide him who meets a licentious woman, or a wolf, or a grasshopper, or a goat, or a toad!

The melancholy howlings of a lost dog are a prediction of death.

It is an evil presage in a house when the hen crows with the cock, and the wife speaks louder than the husband!

Louis Berton de Crillon, surnamed *L'Homme sans peur*, was sent by Henry IV. to the defence of Marseilles, in 1596. One day the young Duke of Guise, who was with him at the time, took it into his head to make a trial of the presence of mind and courage of that officer. With this view he caused the alarm to be suddenly sounded before the house occupied by the brave Crillon, and at the same moment ran himself into his apartment, announced to him that the enemy had made themselves masters of the city and of the town,

and proposed to him to effect his retreat, in order not to add to the glory of the conqueror by allowing himself to be made prisoner. Crillon had scarcely time to awake entirely from his sleep while the duke was communicating this alarming intelligence; he however seized his arms, without betraying the slightest symptom of discouragement, and avowed his resolution of dying sword in hand, sooner than survive the loss of the post committed to his charge. Guise finding it impossible to make him change his determination, left the room along with him; but before they had reached the bottom of the steps he burst into a fit of laughter, which explained the matter to Crillon, whose countenance thereupon assumed an air of seriousness which the idea of danger could not produce; and seizing the young duke roughly by the arm, he said to him with a violent oath, as was his custom, "Young man, take care how you sound the heart of a man of courage. By all that's sacred, had I betrayed the slightest weakness, I would have stabbed you to the heart."

The Duke d'Ossuno, Viceroy of Naples, went on board the galleys belonging to the King of Spain, for the purpose of exercising his privilege of delivering one of the galley slaves. He interrogated several of them, all of whom endeavoured to find excuses for their crimes, and to convince the duke of their innocence. One of them only candidly confessed his guilt, and even allowed that he merited a still severer punishment. The duke, wishing to recompense this slave for his sincerity, called to the master of the galley, saying, "Send away that wretched culprit instantly from this, or he will corrupt all those honest men."

*Honour.*—A soldier being sent by the celebrated Vauban for the purpose of examining one of the enemy's posts, remained for a considerable time exposed to their fire, and at length received a ball in his body. He returned to give an account of what he had observed, and did so with the greatest possible tranquillity of manner and aspect, although the blood was flowing abundantly from his wound. M. de Vauban praised him for his courage, and offered him a sum of money. "No, general," replied the soldier, refusing to accept it, "it would spoil the credit of the action."

#### DRAMA.

*ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.*—To miss seeing Mathews is a sore thing, though not so sore on a first night as on any other,—and miss him we did on Thursday, the evening before the first of September. In fact, we had so much to do ourselves "*Before Breakfast*," that it was no wonder the piece, over-night, went off without us, as we went off without it. It is, besides, in itself so merry and lively a thing, that we should not wonder at its going off throughout the whole season, and bringing down, at every report, thunders of applause. The public are indebted to Mr. Penke for this clever entertainment, and to Mr. Mathews for the able and humorous way in which he sustains the principal character,—one of some diversity, and not unworthy of an actor who is many men in one—*a sort of human polyglot*. By personating a Scotsman and a Frenchman, *Trefoil*, for that is his name, enters into the service of the worldlings of the drama, for the purpose of promoting the union of the true lovers; and, as is to be expected, succeeds in his endeavours. His adaptation of these characters is admirable; and the author has sent-

tered so much genuine fun and drollery over the scene and dialogue, that a tithe of the talent which is displayed, must have insured popularity. A comic song, with *patter*, completes the whim and excellency of this part. Bertley, as an irritable old gentleman, is a capital study: every look and gesture is true; and we could hardly help believing that nature, not art, had made him a crusty, passionate, and pestilent fellow. Keeley, in a contrasting part, contrived to be amusing, as usual; Bennett, J. Bland, and Miss Boden, also contribute fully to the general attractions and complete success of this laughable farce.

**VAUXHALL GARDENS.**—This place of entertainment concluded its season on Friday last week; having made, throughout, new and great exertions to gratify the popular taste, by music of a higher character than had ever previously been produced, and by ballets, paintings, and fireworks, rope-dancing, and other attractions of an amusing and various order. The weather has been propitious to these efforts; and, notwithstanding the general election, which removed all London into the provinces, we are told that the proprietors have not lost ground by their spirited management and liberal expenditure.

**NAPLES.**—The Neapolitan Journals speak in high terms of a Madame Meric-Lalande, a young singer, who has been undertaking some of the most prominent parts at the opera in Naples. They praise both her singing and her acting; and especially the art (no where better appreciated than at Naples) with which she executes, with as much grace as facility, the greatest musical difficulties. Madame Meric-Lalande is engaged for a few months at Vienna; and Madame Pasta is going to Naples, to supply her place during her absence. Paris consoles itself with Sontag.

#### VARIETIES.

**Dresden Gallery.**—The rare and valuable collection of pictures which form the Dresden Gallery is now undergoing the process of cleaning, under the direction of an eminent professor of that art from Rome. It is stated that some of the most ancient and curious works are wonderfully brought out by his skillful treatment of them.

**New Invention: Diamond Paste.**—A box of this material has been politely handed to us for a trial of its qualities in giving a superior edge to razors. We confess that we are not adepts at strapping, yet certainly after the use of some diamond paste, we found our instruments superior to those sung by Peter Pindar, which were not made to shave, but to sell. Besides, there is a sort of magnificence in the idea! If Great Moguls, Grand Seignors, Sophys, and Sultans, were in the habit of shaving, diamond dust seems to be the very thing for their long beards, whiskers, and mustaches. Some of our own ugly-looking, hairy-faced dandies, too, might be recommended to use it with advantage, in the way of depilation and cleanliness. We saw one of these the other day, with a rope of beard round his chops and neck, the weather being uncommonly hot: to him a whole box of paste would have been an inestimable blessing! In short, the invention is of high pretension; and by a caesura or elision of the proverb Diamond cut Diamond, a good title may be got for it in "Diamond Cut."

An unlucky wight of an author had the mor-

tification of seeing the favourite offspring of his brain damned at its first representation. On recovering from the first effects of the shock, he waited upon the actress who had been charged with the principal part: hoping that she at least would give him some consolation in his distress, he represented to her that the public was often unjust, and, moreover, that his friends had not given him sufficient time to perfect his piece—that the fruit was not yet ripe. "My friend," interrupted the actress, "ripe or not, it has fallen to the ground."

**The Difficult Baptism.**—A child was brought into the church of a village in Normandy to be baptised. The curé, who had just been drinking with some of his friends, searched in vain for the chapter in his missal containing the prayers adapted to the ceremony: at length growing impatient, he exclaimed, "How hard it is to baptise this infant!"

The curé of a large town in France found himself called upon, on a public occasion, to reply to a Latin address: but as he had no knowledge of that language, he adopted the following expedient to get out of the scrape. "Sir," said he, "the Apostles spoke several languages; you have just addressed me in Latin, I therefore shall answer you in French."

**Modern Amazons.**—A French professor of horsemanship, announces a variety of what he calls "new chivalric games," the performance of which collects "an elegant assemblage" every evening at his riding-grounds, in the neighbourhood of Paris. The running at the ring especially, it seems, attracts a great number of "Cavaliers and Amazons!"

**Lost Balloon.**—A reward is offered in the French journals, by an aeronaut of the name of Griaule, for a balloon made of gold-beater's skin, which was launched a few days before, but which had not since been heard of.

**A True Sportsman.**—On the first of this month, a gentleman asked an old sportsman, who had his gun in his hand, what he thought of the weather. "I don't think we shall have any wet to-day, for the rain hangs fire."

**Parasite.**—One of our modern parasites being reproached for dining so constantly at the tables of other people. "What would you have me do?" replied he, "I am so pressed." "True," returned the other, "there is nothing so pressing as hunger."

**Bon-mot.**—A barber, who was in the habit of stunning his customers' ears by the rapidity of his tongue, asked an individual, one day, how he wished his beard to be cut. "Without saying a single word," replied he.

**America.**—A Polytechnic and Scientific College is about to be established at Philadelphia, for the cultivation of literature and the arts and sciences. A petition to the ensuing Congress will claim its legal sanction, and the principal inhabitants of the city itself patronise the plan of the institution.

A company to encourage the culture of the sugar-cane in the Floridas and Louisiana has also been formed: it holds out the prospect of supplying the entire consumption of the United States.

**The Yellow Fever.**—Strong north winds began to blow last January in the sea of the Antilles, and lasted for above two months and a half. They so lowered the temperature, that the Archipelago experienced a singularly severe winter. The result was an epidemic affection, inflammatory, and of a type foreign to the maladies of the torrid zone. Neither this violent ventilation, nor the extraordinary cold which it produced, could, however, prevent the

irruption of the yellow fever, which has recently re-appeared, notwithstanding the powerful action on the atmosphere of the two causes just mentioned.

**Diorama in Paris.**—The "View of the Environs of Paris," which has for some time been exhibited at the diorama in that city, was on the 24th ult. replaced by a new subject, "A View of the Village of Unterseen, in Switzerland," of which report speaks highly. It is painted by M. Daguerre.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Captain Kotzebue, the enterprising navigator, the Cross of the Order of St. Anne, of the second class.

On a Young Lady who was continually screaming

"Home, Sweet Home."

Young Screech-me-Dead, with lungs of leather,

Will yell "Sweet Home" whole hours together—

Making such a noise about her,

That home, if sweet, must be without her. I. V.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We observe, with pleasure, the announcement of a publication of great and general interest, namely, Illustrations of Ornithology, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., and Prideaux John Selby, Esq.; with the co-operation of Mr. Bichenov, Secretary to the Linnæan Society, Mr. Children, Zoologist to the British Museum, Major-General T. Hardwicke, Dr. Horsfield, Zoologist to the East India Company, Mr. Jameson, Reg. Prof. Nat. Hist. Ed. and Director of Ed. Museum, &c.; Mr. Vigors, Sec. of Zool. Society; and of the late Sir T. Stamford Raffles. The prospectus mentions coloured Plates of Birds, accompanied by Descriptions, including their Generic and Specific Characters, references to the best figures of those already published, and occasional remarks on the nature, habits, and comparative anatomy of the species. 1. The illustration of new groups and new species; 2. Such subjects as have been described, but not figured; 3. Those which have been incorrectly represented, or where the variation in plumage, arising from age, sex, or season, has not been particularised; and, lastly, in order to render the work complete, all the species which have already been described or figured. The work is to be published in Quarterly Parts, royal 8vo., with from fifteen to twenty Plates, on which will be figured from twenty to thirty species in each. The first part is expected on next new year's day.

**Monthly Newspaper or Rocket.**—The first specimen of a periodical publication of this kind has recently appeared in Edinburgh, in a duodecimo form of above forty pages. In arrangement it resembles the Annual Register; and in order to be sold at a cheap rate, is rather poor in paper and typographical execution. It is called the Monthly Reporter.

The MSS. left by the late Mr. Jefferson in a condition prepared for publication, are said to be a Memoir of his Own Life and Times, three volumes of *Anas*, and twelve or fifteen volumes of *Correspondence*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

We are mending this week!!—*Ed.*  
Bekker's Plato, with Variorum Notes, 11 vols. 8vo., 10s. 10s. bds.; royal, 15s. 15s. bds.—Samouelle's Directions for Collecting and Preserving Insects, 18mo., 5s. bds.—Fyfe's Manual of Chemistry, 12mo., 7s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 31	From 51. to 74.	29.70 to 29.72
September.		
Friday.... 1	47. — 73.	29.70 — 29.69
Saturday.. 2	48. — 67.	29.64 — 29.60
Sunday.... 3	53. — 66.	29.65 — 29.67
Monday... 4	45. — 71.	29.60 — 29.60
Tuesday... 5	46. — 67.	29.60 — 29.76
Wednesday 6	44. — 64.	29.48 — 29.13

Wind variable.—Except the 31st ult. and 1st inst. generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

The rapid fall of the barometer, from the evening of the 5th to that of the 6th, is worthy of a particular remark.

Rain fallen, .975 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Very often do we receive rhyme without reason: seldom so much reason in rhyme as in the annexed, which we thus acknowledge from our friendly Correspondent C.]

#### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The world does often oddities produce,  
In this penurious, and in that profuse,  
Whom small expenditures will trouble more  
Than hundreds squandered on some other score.

On some occasions of vexatious woe,  
We hate all balm that comfort would bestow;  
We rather choose to nurse our fretful fire,  
And cherish sentiments of spite and ire.

Though reason be the sovereign of the mind,  
With all the passions to his way consigned,  
No power that rules on earth, in air, or main,  
Had e'er a harder empire to maintain.

It oft amuses us in life to trace  
The subtle logic and imploring face  
Of those who, conscious they have stepped astray,  
And made some little blunders in their day,  
Would fain persuade us, and themselves, in spite  
Of common reason, that they acted right;  
And try to lull their wounded minds to rest,  
By arguing that "all is for the best."

Each worthy action of our life gone by  
Affords some solace to our latest sigh;  
And every evil one, by settled doom,  
Pursues us with repentance to the tomb.

As surely as we change our humble state,  
And crowned ambition makes us rich or great,  
Whatever splendour fortune may bestow,  
Whatever pleasures power may teach to know,  
New cares and troubles rise around us too,  
Which lay before secluded from our view.

When time, unnoted, swiftly steals away,  
Deceived by ardent thought or fancy gay,  
The mind enjoys the energy of health,  
And triumphs in its intellectual wealth;  
But when dull, gloomy, tedious hours succeed,  
That seem to linger in the wretched speed,  
The mind is low—the springs are nearly dry,  
And cannot then the stream of thought supply,  
Which loves the subtle path of truth to trace,  
Or deck existence with ideal grace.

When we behold aught beautiful or great,  
Which art has formed, or nature did create,  
It yields not only pleasure while we gaze,  
But lends it also to our future days.  
The painting, touched with admirable grace;  
The statue, exquisite in form and face;  
The splendid palace, reared with Grecian skill;  
The noble city—we contemplate still.  
The stream that bubbles through romantic bounds;  
The valley where the shepherd's pipe resounds;  
The tangled forest, opening into glades,  
That gratefully relieve its twilight shades;  
The boundless heath, that wears a sullen frown;  
Th' enormous mountain, with its cloudy crown  
And craggy sides; the river rushing o'er  
A dreadful precipice, with thundering roar  
And foaming rage—indubitably impress  
Maintain a lively image in our breast;  
And still as Memory reviews the past,  
Appear again, and please us to the last.

Visitor will be very welcome to us.  
Alpha is thanked; but we take no cognisance of such  
matters as *suds* and *Sudbury*. Mingling and swindling are  
but bad rhymes.

— is received and accepted.  
R. J. will find a note addressed to him, when convenient  
to call at our office.

Will John Fitzhugh have the goodness to proceed *route  
suite*? One bird in the hand is not enough for us; and  
we should be sorry to slack the flight in such a corre-  
spondence as his first epistle promises. *Terminus sup.*

R. M.—y will all but suit us.—F. A. will find a letter  
to answer J. J.

\* We beg to remind correspondents, that, particularly  
at this period of the year, communications intended for  
the ensuing number of the *Gazette* must reach us early  
in the week.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY** continues open with the  
Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His  
Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to  
exhibit. Admittance, from Ten till Six o'clock, 12.  
Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Just published, by Dulau and Co. 37, Soho Square,

**NUÉVOS ELEMENTOS de la CON-  
VERSACION**, en Español, Frances, Ingles, en dos Partes.  
La Primera contiene un Vocabulario Clasico, por orden de  
Materias, siguiendo a este otro Gramatical. La Segunda, Dia-  
logos familiares y faciles sobre diferentes Asuntos, una Colec-  
cion de Proverbios, que se corresponden en los tres Idiomas, y  
un breve Compendio de la Vida y Hechos de Napoleon Bonaparte.  
Por A. JAYME. 12mo. 4s. bound.

**Grammaire Italienne**, à l'usage de la Jeune-  
sse. Par G. Biagioli. 12mo. 3d Edition, 3s. sewed.

**DR. ASHBY SMITH** will begin his AU-  
TUMN COURSE of LECTURES on DISCUSES of the  
SKIN, on Thursday, Oct. 19, at his House, 12, Bloomsbury Square.  
These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the  
Classification and Arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a  
Practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and com-  
prise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of  
those Diseases.

Further Particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith,  
at his Residence, above mentioned.

## APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC

FROM THE

Letter-Press Printers of the Metropolis.

**A**T a time when so many appeals are made  
to the benevolence of the Public by bodies more nume-  
rous and perhaps more important, though certainly not, indi-  
vidually, more distressed—great reliance is felt by the Com-  
mittee acting for the Journeymen Printers of the Metropolis, in  
soliciting for their unemployed and destitute Fellow Workmen  
any portion of the public sympathy. It might be said, neither  
would it be the province of this Committee, to advert to the  
causes which have led to the present embarrassments of Trade;  
they will, however, take leave to state, that on no branch of  
industry has the pressure of the times fallen with greater severity  
than on the Printing Business. Every effort has been made, and  
is now making, by the Journeymen in employment, both in Town  
and Country, to lessen the calamity which has befallen their  
Brethren, by a weekly Subscription out of their scanty earnings;  
but the amount thus collected proving so very inadequate to meet  
the pressing and increasing demands, they are constrained, un-  
willingly, to adopt this their only resource, of laying their Dis-  
tresses before a humane Public, and of supplicating its generous  
aid, without which, numbers of their most deserving Brethren  
must endure, it is feared for months, all the evils which Poverty  
can possibly inflict.

Although this Appeal is addressed to the Public at large, in the  
hope that some individuals, from motives of humanity, will step  
forward to their assistance, the Journeymen Printers are aware  
of no claim on general sympathy stronger than that of urgent  
distress. They venture, however, to appeal to the patriotic feel-  
ings of their Countrymen—to such as consider the Press a power-  
ful engine, not merely in the diffusion of Knowledge and advance-  
ment of Science, but also in the preservation of Public Liberty—  
that they will allow those feelings to operate in favour of the  
men who minister in its service, and who now unfortunately are  
compelled to implore their succour.

To the literary portion of the Public they wish particularly to  
address themselves, with becoming humility, in this their season  
of adversity, most of whom are doubtless aware that for some  
time after the introduction of the Art, the profession of a Printer  
was as illustrious as it was profitable; but whether from the  
increased made by Machinery, the general diffusion of Education,  
which renders Learning no mark of distinction—or from what  
ever other cause—certain it is, the operative Printer is not at all  
superior, in point of remuneration, to that of the commonest  
handicraft workman. They confidently cherish the hope, how-  
ever, their claims to protection will still be recognised by the  
loves of Literature, and that the humble instruments of ushering  
into the world the productions of Genius and Learning will not  
be suffered to perish without assistance.

The Committee cannot omit to notice, in terms of pride and  
thankfulness, the liberal donation which has been sent to a Sub-  
scription now raising in aid of the improvement of the  
Distressed Printers, by a celebrated Female, an ornament to her  
sex and to the Literature of her Country; most serviceable will  
it prove to the objects of her bounty,—more valuable as an example  
for imitation.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Committee,  
who attend every Monday and Tuesday Evenings for that special  
purpose, at the Three Hammers, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, where  
they will be happy to give every information, and where their  
Accounts and System of Management will be open to the inspection  
of those benevolent Individuals who may feel disposed to aid  
their cause.

The Committee, in announcing the Donations and Subscrip-  
tions received since the last Advertisement, return their most  
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